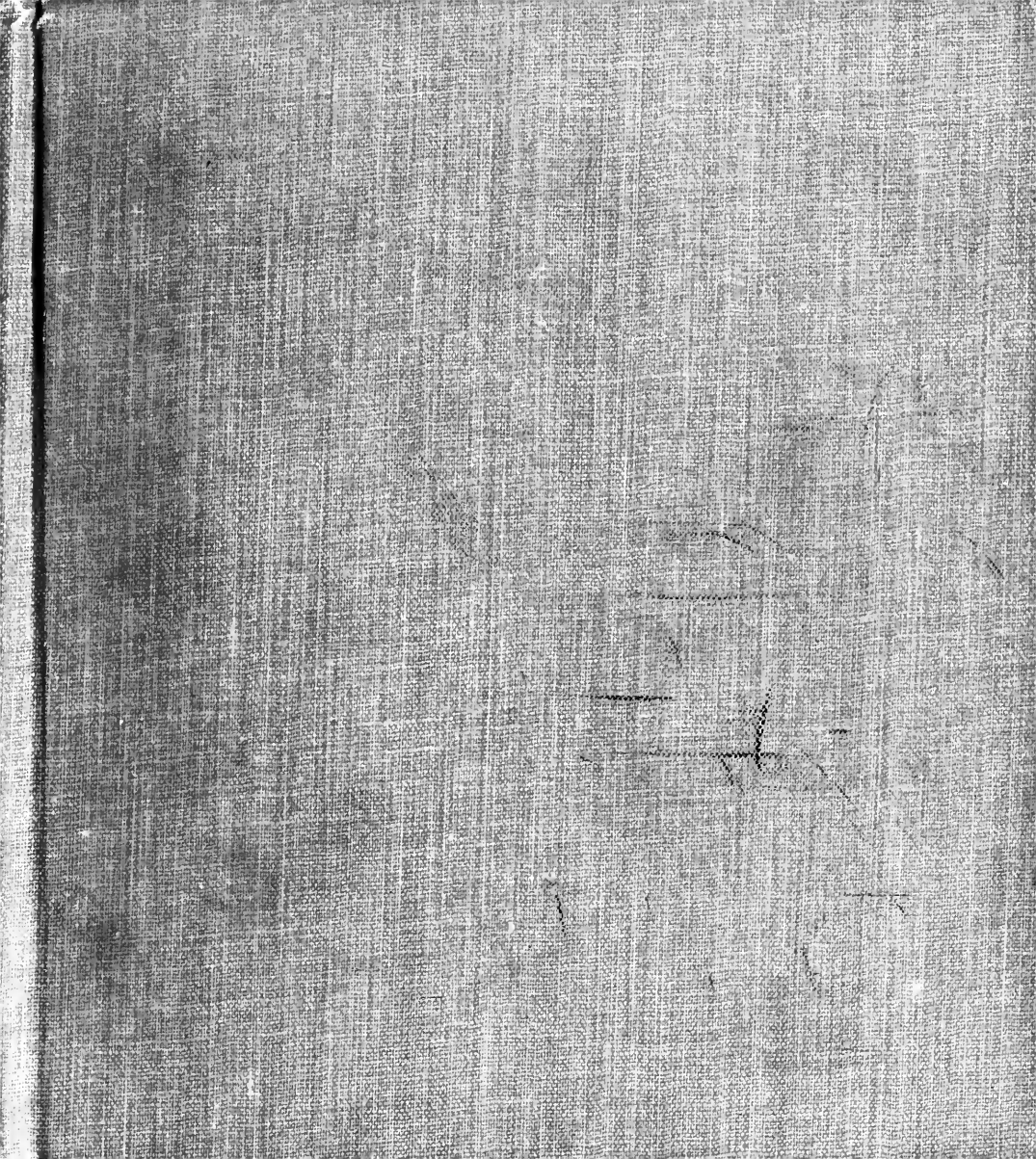
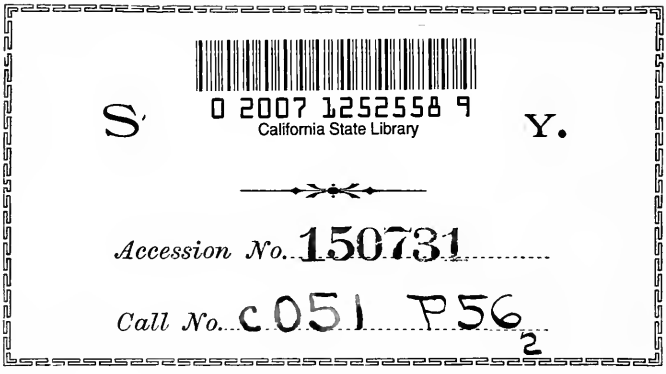



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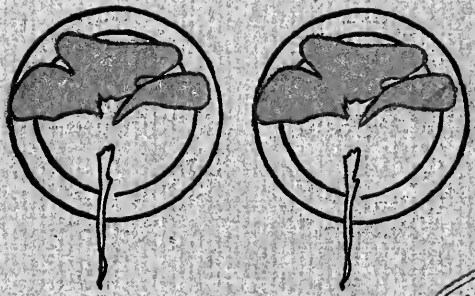
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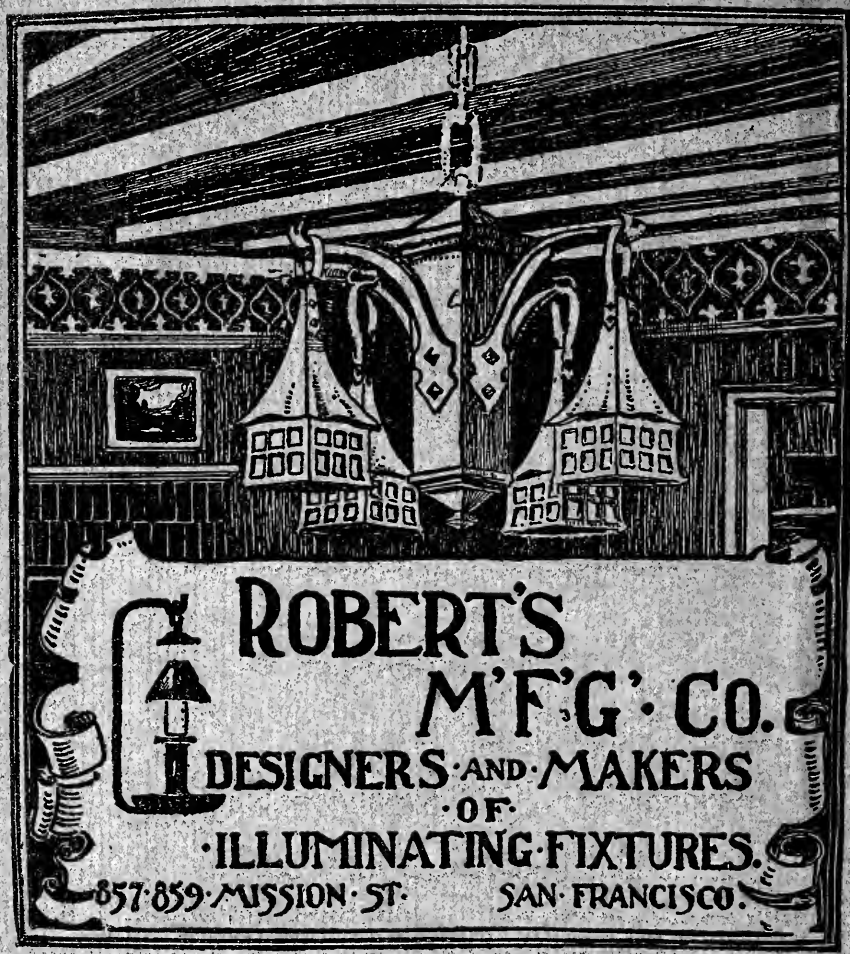
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Philopolis

Vol. II OCTOBER 25, 1907 No. 1

A Monthly Magazine published at
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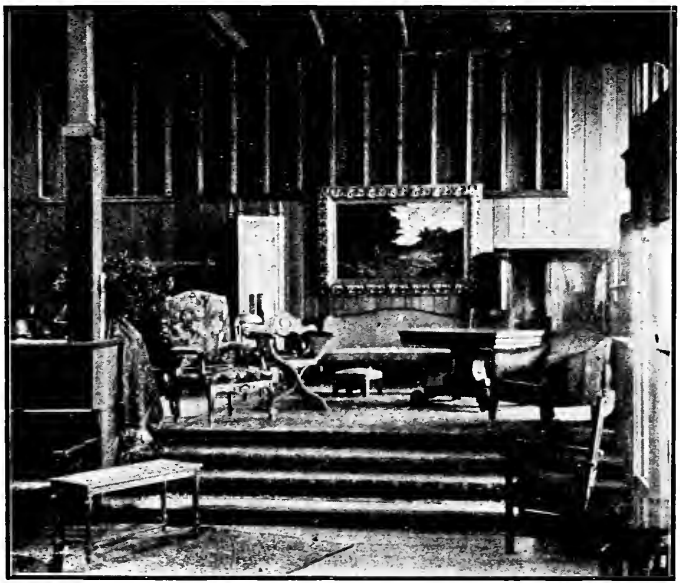
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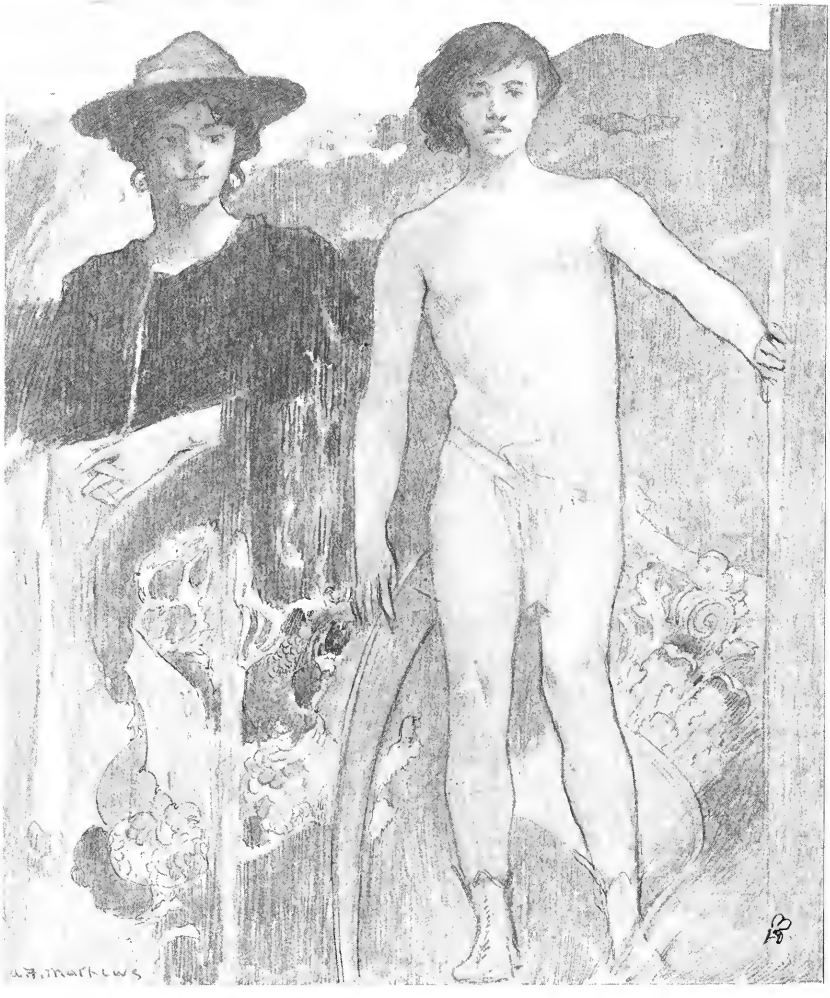
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It may well be that a man is at times horribly threshed by misfortunes, public and private: but the reckless flail of Fate, when it beats the rich sheaves, crushes only the straw; and the corn feels nothing of it and dances merrily on the floor, careless whether its way is to the mill or the furrow.

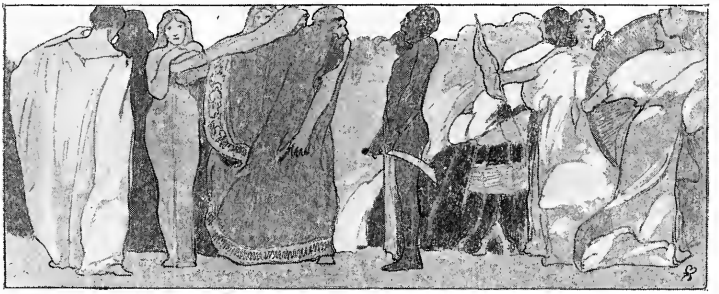
—From Maxims and Reflections of Goethe



AS A YOUTH

Philopolis

Vol. II OCTOBER 25, 1907 No. I



Babelonian Towers

BY ARTHUR F. MATHEWS

MASTERPIECES are not born of the day's reckonings; but each comes out of the distant harmony of things slowly, and even to the hour of its revelation is lost in the anxieties of the master mind. Then, when the time is ripe with opportunity and experience, it springs out of the mysteries nature loves, leaving no trace of the way of its

coming, but stands full fledged, seemingly of a moment's inspiration. Inspired the masterpiece surely is; still none may say truly that behind the master work there is not a long road of travail and failures. Every step of the way has been fraught with promises of disaster; and every work worth anything bears strange marks which, if we could but read them straight, would tell the whole story from beginning to end.

Criticism, always impatient of results, seldom takes a work at its face value, or the worth of it to the people in general, but with something of suspicion towards all things, persistently scratches all fine or coarse textures as if the surface of all things were but gilt, and thereby imperceptibly leads opinion away from the very spirit which it insists is the base or worth of every work. In this way truly sincere endeavor is involved in doubt as a whole where only an irrelevant detail is at fault. And the masterpiece also when it arrives is laden with suspicion — for the moment but not to eternity. So as we stand here together again in the month of October — the time of gathering the harvest of the passing season and the beginning of the new yield — in a busy workshop that hums the bee-hive song, where but eighteen

short months past desolation reigned in solitude, save for the crickets which fiddled and made music as if 'twere the country indeed, nothing would enter more naturally in the sequence of events, than that the change from the silence of the country lane to a noisy workshop would stir criticism into tremendous activity. That the same should rise almost to the pitch of virulence, and that it should be marked by indiscretion so deep and loud that all proper and just criticism were lost in the din among things, is a matter of consequences. Pessimism — imagination grown sodden by confinement of attention to the horrors of mere laborings, and loss of faith in the ability of intelligence to surmount tasks impossible to labor — has its visions, but these are gruesome phantasies. Whether men sit in comfort on the green lawns of nature or at their firesides; whether they sit in an easy chair within their own walls or in a railway train; whether they build or don't build, direful prophecy — pessimism in action — ever has the same tale to reiterate. Our anxieties are trebled, our failures are made manifold and the broadest acres, rich in possibilities, become encrusted with the can'ts of pessimism.

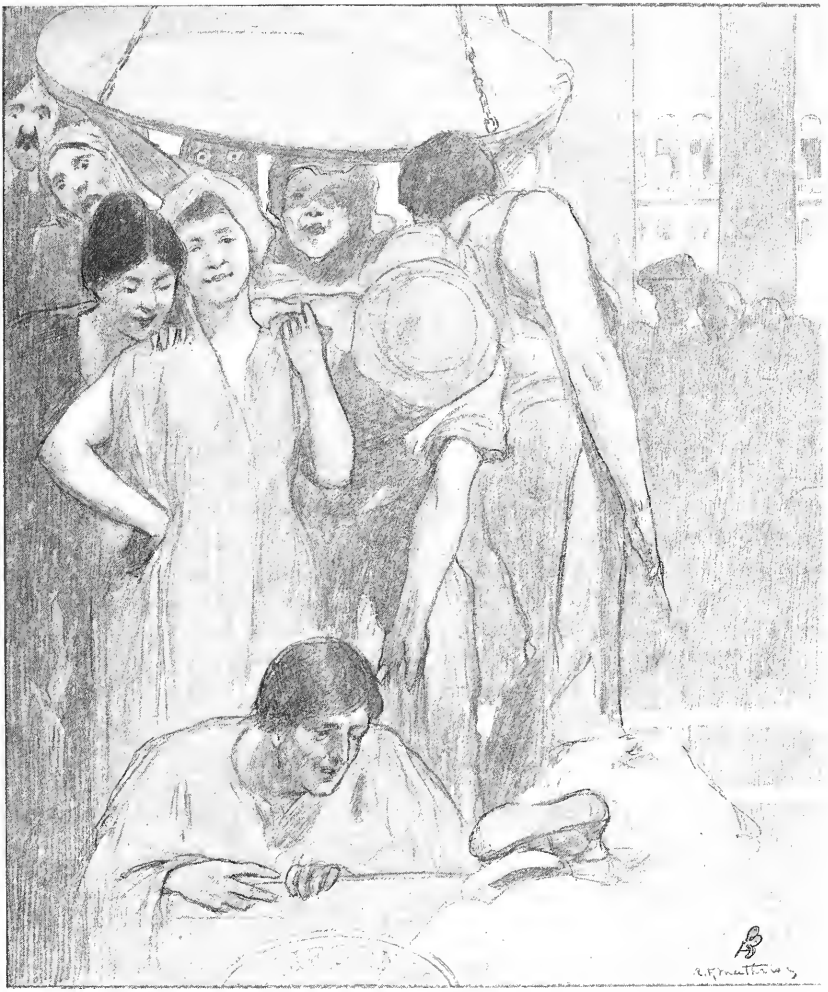
Forsooth, pessimism is very like the sleeper in the

clutches of the mad sprites of dreams, with a difference. Escaping the devils of dreams, the dreamer turns over humorously, laying the disagreeable presence to overfeeding or a vicious cook; but your pessimist never sees even the humor of his own undoing. He is a scoffer. He laughs in bad humors.

He never sees that in real healthy life, as in sleep, comedy is ever tipping the scales and sending tragedy plump out of sight. Nature keeps her balances thus, and men in wisdom draw largely on her stores, reserving a little each year for security and the building of the masterpiece. If they are not wise in their day and time, given the abundance of nature, but take some other course, nothing may be expected so surely as the quick turn of an accident — a simple misfortune — into a sad catastrophe.

So it is never quite safe to float above criticism in the self confidence of egotism. To stay within its malodorous pits once in a while, if for nothing else than to pull the long ears of criticism, is educating in itself — educating to the donkey. Even egotism, dumb, would perhaps find in such association, glories unprecedented. And if we could get into this happy state when history com-





"COMEDY TIPS THE SCALE, AND TRAGEDY GOES PLUMP OUT OF SIGHT."

pletes another of her merry rounds — has switched her skirts aslant the same old corner stone that marks the beginning and end of every story — we may see the humorous side of all indiscriminate criticism. Not that criticism is ever funny intentionally. Oh, no! not that, the drollery is all in the unconsciousness with which the donkey fetches and carries others' messages. Then maybe, we won't prepare conditions that turn misfortune into catastrophe. We will have learned to separate plain statements of fact from dishonest criticism without counting the latter in the least.

In this way perhaps we shall avoid next time the ink-wells of mendacity and the nonsense of romance. And being wise in so much, these will not again be dumped for us and the City come forth as the Queen of the Pacific — half almond-eyed oriental, half cowboy, with incense stronger, more pungent, than the odor of the opium pipe still clinging to her skirts, going to her fate serenely like a true stoic of the East — Heaven be praised she were not nude — but as a youth, strong, hesitating perhaps, but strong.

O poets where were your witcheries and your rhyme? Aye, and criticism, where was your supine mistress?

What a waste of learning on a mere figure of speech. Thrift was never a virtue in San Francisco, neither could purism be a virtue here. Puritanism belongs under colder skies. So the city had vices and virtues denied some others, as you shall see, day after tomorrow.

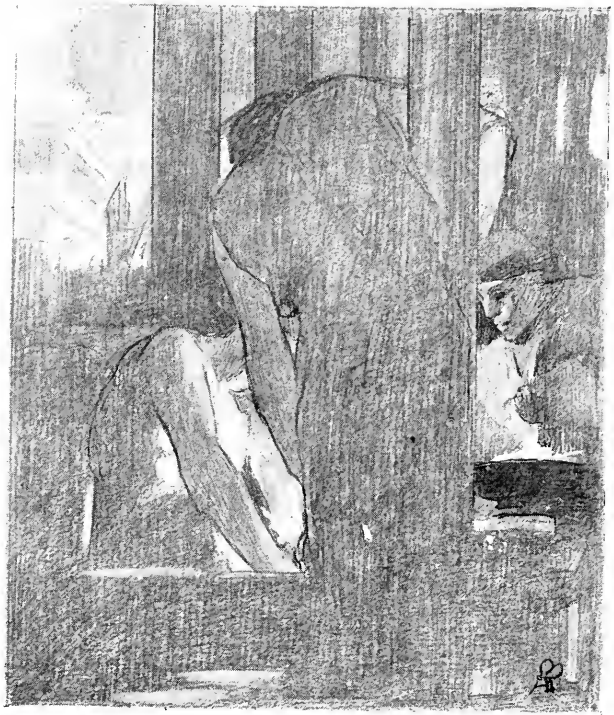
When Apollo rode his chariot over to the edge of our horizon on that fitful day in the ever-to-be-remembered month of April, looking dry and heavy-eyed as if he had sped a night of sleeplessness chased by visions of troubles ahead, he did not view a serene people or one reposing in the lap of an over-generous nature; but one loaded with apprehension and dazed as from a blow.

They were playing the game of fortune with fate, and every card turned came black and read misfortune. The very atmosphere weighed with evil guesses and glowed portentously. Still the game was quiet save for the shuffling of the cards. Cravens shrunk from sight, incompetency yielded to the capable for the nonce, sympathy took the place of hard business; and although I have heard tales of brutality I must confess as a good intentioned witness of a great struggle in which man's humanity to man came in the balance, I saw not one act in my trip across the city to the Mark Hopkins Institute and

back, that even savored of wickedness. The people were still, wondrously so, not in apathy, not serene, but in tension, for it was a waiting game. No man knew where to carry his load, so he left it where he stood, as a rule, and now when he relates the story of his experiences he smiles broadly in its midst to tell of some amusing incident — a woman struggling along with an empty parrot cage, a man trundling a sofa filled with his store of goods saved so far; or of another who played some mad prank while he waited the coming of tragedy. And it will be this way when the true story of San Francisco's sorrow is gone over again. All the splendor and triumph, all the tears and terrors of those days in April of unfortunate memory coming and going again in the masterpiece of the tale of the woman struggling manfully to save a bird cage, only to find it tenantless, will make man live the greater action all over and glory in a devotion to a trust.

In the present we stand too near the tragedy, the pathos, the successes and failures, the treacheries and faithfulnesses of San Francisco's huge battle with Nature and itself to distinguish error from misconduct.

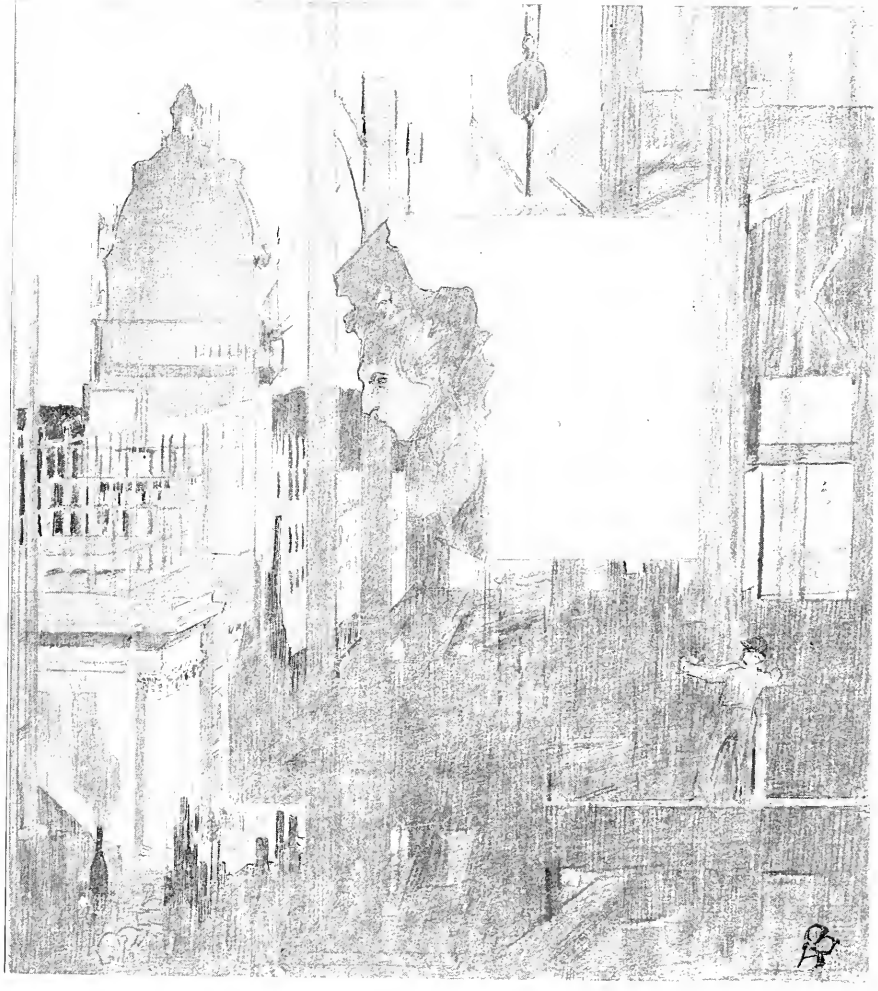
Still, in the mysteries of this beautiful October day,



"AND THESE ARE THE SAME FIRES."

under fleeting clouds running thinly, then heavily, as the sun breaks through, there is a half promise in the soft air that speaks of a fair adjustment of our accounts, an arrangement of affairs within which there shall be give as well as take, a fair exchange and no bribery.

Now sunlight jumps from the pavement to the tops of great steel frames, the mere sketches of ponderous buildings, and then drops prone at one's feet only to rush back and up the street. Ominous shadows follow close and wrap as yet almost shapeless structures in cloaks of gloom. Bright red fire-bolts glance hither and thither glowing against the black for an instant, then vanishing, sinking deep, steel into steel, under the sharp, rasping rattle of an electric riveter. Encumbering shadows lift, the happy dancing sunlight sweeps through space, great stones move heavily about ; iron, steel and brick go upward and stop, and one long harmony of tapping, rattling, tooting, shouting, whistling, reverberates and echoes through the city and over and under its foundations. It is as if no man's land were in the play, but that the human mind, at last freed from its case, was showing the way of the coming of the masterpiece in the very presence of common clay. Aye, and these are sparks



"GREAT STONES MOVE
ABOUT, PONDEROUSLY."

from the same fires, Prometheus, that raged; the same steel, Vulcan, cunningly worked, and wrecked, and worked again; the same people, Pandora, Venus tricked with a box of gifts. Pessimism, what an end to direful prophecy! And, criticism, where are your supine subjects?

Barring unforeseen adventures—but no, why tread on the toes of the Sibyls? Sufficient for the day is the good thereof; but perchance the most of wicked prophecy is in the telling, and maybe, misfortune in the end only trips men for the excitement of landing them in pastures green, of limitless promises, of undreamed opportunities. So let us turn back, exercise the imagination in the might have been. Memory, the fickle maid, is so sure to blot and blur great movements with the whimsical as the camera is apt to print nonsense when we would have essentials of worth—the living truth. But this is not quite the story. Imagine our condition, if San Francisco, instead of having an openly dishonest and incomparably incompetent "civic government," had possessed one of the incompetent breed, that goes by the surname of Old Honesty. We would have been straddled by it yet.

Forsooth, better by far that the masterpiece shall

struggle out of chaos, that the individual shall find his own way to salvation than to be compelled to drag over well ordered, highly moralized incapacity. Criticism in all its glory of imaginary domination of things entire never fell quite so far in do-nothingness or ever erected barricades of ignorance across the highway of human progress equal to the fallings, the failings and the stumbling blocks of emasculated capacity for honesty.

From childhood's happiest hours to green old age we are chased by the mad fear of disturbing the dust on worn-out constitutions and institutions. Our ribs are made sore from the pokings we get from the elbows of the over-sensitive, the over-considerate of dullness in honesty shoes.

Hence, to take it all in all—considering that unintelligible criticism has found in the wreckages of San Francisco the reflection of its own damnation and blessings in disguise, and seems quite satisfied that it, criticism, is no worse than it should be, the city may congratulate itself that it was so obviously badly administered, no one could deny the evidence. And now, on this beautiful October morning, in the dust of activity, beyond all possibilities of being obliged to walk over consecrated

inanity, and in a bee-hive that promises to regain its store of honey, nothing could be more fitting than a general thanksgiving that our city promises not to be a masterpiece of the tremulous morality of the incapacitated honesty species. Slowly, passionately, determinedly, the youth comes out of the vapors of the old spirit and if you believe for a moment that he won't inherit some of the whimsical character of the dame — change the im-



impression—for it is this way with every work, while the last may pass beyond the rest, it carries the burdens of all with the delights of its own creativeness, towards the edge of the millenium—where unpleasant memory sleeps.



The Margin of Leisure

BY FREDERICK J. TEGGART

IN so short a time that it is within the experience of most of us, Evolution has passed from the status of a debated theory to that of an orthodox mode of thought. The younger generations of today may claim an advantage over their elders in that they have escaped the necessity of ridding themselves of certain outworn habits of mind, and are no longer limited in their outlook upon the world by the

tradition of a specific Creation linked with a Divine purpose towards man.

At the present moment the form and argument of the old drama holds its established place upon the stage, but the audience has in large measure become indifferent, conscious of a growing disparity between the presentation and the aspirations of which it is designed to be the expression. The old habit of mind persists because it is established and familiar, the old tradition because it has not been replaced; the former will be superseded as the generations pass, the latter only when its place shall have been filled by a new interpretation.

The rapidity with which the Evolution Theory made its way was due in no slight degree to the avoidance of a premature dogmatism on the part of its promulgators. And at this distance the method of presentation, which was newer even than the ideas conveyed, appears to have been a strategic movement of the first importance in bringing about the acceptance of the new views. But while this effective generalship and the resulting conquest unseated, as it were, a dynasty, not even yet has a change been effected in the hearts of the populace. Today men think in evolutionary terms, but they cling to the old

interpretations. And so there is a conflict, name it as you will, between men's understanding and their belief.

It is a singular tribute to the genius of the Israelites that the significance which they discovered in their history should have exercised so preponderant an influence upon the serious thought of Europe. This ascendency has proceeded no less from the vitality of the conception as a directing principle in the life of the Jewish people, than from the concreteness and sublimity of the terms in which it was expressed. Like other similar bodies of literature the Hebrew writings contain an account of the origin and vicissitudes of the nation. But unlike other such writings these are informed throughout by the belief that the sequence of events recorded is but the unfolding of the predetermined destiny reserved for this people. The entire canon of this literature is permeated with a sense of direction, of motion towards an ultimate objective. In the broadest sense the Israelites were able to give a reason for the hope that was in them, for they held a definite conception of the origin, purpose and destiny of their race ; and of such seriousness and dignity was this conception that nations not of their blood accepted it as a revelation designed for all the children of men.

Doubtless many wise men are convinced that every formulation of belief interposes a hindrance in the way of progress. They would counsel an open mind ever responsive to new discoveries — for the few this may be possible. The men, however, who are greatly busied with the little affairs of practical life, are seeking, not broken fragments of science, but a vision of "the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science." The great public is interested but little in methods and processes, it cares much for implications, and it looks now as it ever has looked to its teachers for an interpretation of the facts of existence. The new teachers, on the other hand, take credit to themselves for withholding the bread for which the people have asked.

The bonds have been loosed which held us to the old conception of the origin, purpose and destiny of man, and no new conception to take its place has been formulated. So we are left without other guidance than is to be found in an undefined belief in progress. The spirit of an unmeaning activity possesses all of us, and we are driving forward, intent upon success, without a thought for the purpose and result of all this action and work and doing.



Philopolis

VOL. II OCTOBER 25, 1907 No. 1

ART & BUSINESS

ON the plan of the City of San Francisco, partly drawn from our City of Beautiful Design, and presented for the consideration of the people by the so-called committee for the revision of the first-named plan, there is more of sense than of the whimsical. In truth there was little of nonsense in the latter. Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler has written: "It would be a pity if something of the kind were not adopted." Mr. Harriman tells us quite frankly that it is a crime that nothing has come of either. The people, of course, under the effect of selfish objections to these ideas have settled into the notion that it is too late. Not so with the writer, I never considered that there was any demand for great

haste. In very truth, to me all the properties touched by essential changes in the map were either destined to become, under our new building and fire ordinances, so much waste or burdened lands. And now after eighteen months of great building activity, it has been an amusement and instructive, to take up a little conceit of my own, formed somewhat on the lines of the Revision Committee's city map, and spot it with buildings already erected or in a state that ensures their completion within the next year.

I had not the slightest doubt that the main operations in steel, concrete and brick would settle within the great triangle formed by the proposed avenue running from Golden Gate Avenue and Van Ness to Montgomery Avenue and Sansome Street, from thence to Market and near Main Street, by way of this street back to Golden Gate Avenue extension, as proposed, back to the starting point, Golden Gate and Van Ness.

The merely local or sectional activities in Chinatown, the Latin quarter, the financial district and the produce section, or wholesale fruit and dairy markets, are matters of consequence quite outside of the great heart of the city. And while these minor works — partly matters of

MAP OF NEW CITY

compulsion with a little of sentiment—appeared marvelous at one time, they now sink into insignificance by comparison with the tremendous energies being exhibited at the base of the said great triangle. Along Battery to a point at Third and Howard and through to Powell and Fifth Streets there is a thick string of splendidly constructed buildings that one might believe it would take years rather than months to erect.

We have known of the swing of the City across Market for some time, but that the six huge blocks bounded by Market, Howard, Fourth and First Streets should be the first district solidly rebuilt to a height running near to seven stories in the average and largely of fireproof and fire-resisting construction, is perhaps a surprise to those who have not studied the City's movements. The spots of brick buildings on the map indicate that Turk and Eddy Streets are to be the first ones to reach out and join the unburnt area of the town with the business section at Mason, Powell and Market Streets. The show of a return to their old-time habits of well built uptown retail streets, of Polk and Larkin, is positive and natural.



Philopolis



ND what of the desolate looking place from California to O'Farrell between Mason and Larkin. I had a dream when I drew the new avenue through this district that it would need opening, so the avenue was drawn and a large space reserved for Park and City purposes from Jones to Mason and from Post to California. On this space two poor little brick houses have come. As you can see the winding continuation of the avenue to the "financial district" still remains quite unencumbered. Geary could as well have been turned off at Taylor and Post to Fourth and Market and widened from thence to the sea if thought advisable. This move would perhaps have been better as it would have carried the strain of traffic away from Third, Market and Kearny and left this section free for retail trade.

The widening of Bush Street and sweeping it around California Street hill at Stockton to Pacific has been a pet scheme of mine since the time — now some years past — when I was engaged in assisting in the preparation of a bird's-eye view of the city, the object of the move

being the crowding of Chinatown back into the flats. However you may study the map as it is dotted with its buildings. They move along and rest just as people move and rest in towns. They, even as they stand, form the same wedge-like assault on the triangle, spreading outward from the point at Sutter and Market and press hard at the four blocks bounded by Market, Howard, Third and First Streets. So if the landholders outside and north of the wedge know what is good for them they will take up a scheme for new avenues of escape in their districts.

It is no use to dodge the problem by begging for more lax building laws, for we are having enough of criminal building north of California Street and west of Van Ness Avenue.



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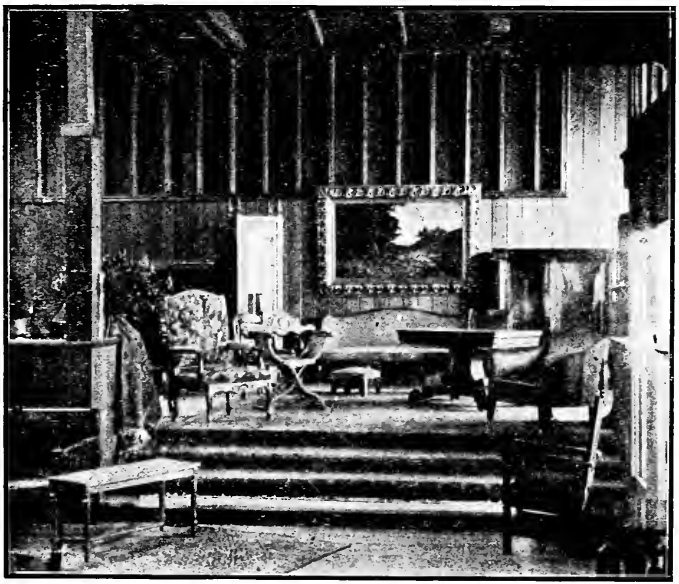
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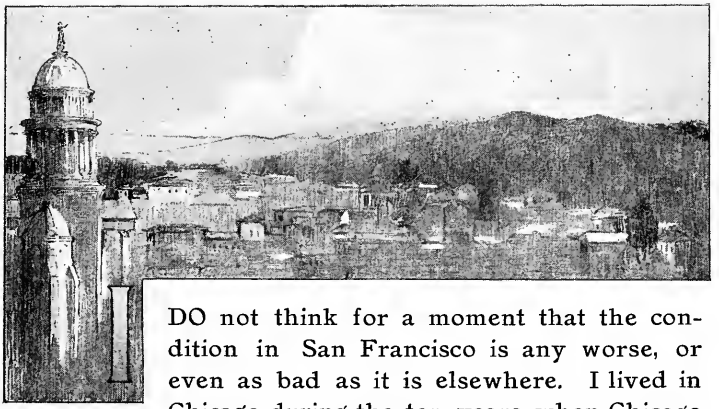
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Those who are at the beck and call of others must endure heat, cold, wind, fatigue. With half the amount of the toil they have to go through, a wise man, performing penance, would be satisfied.

Suhridbheda.



PHILOPOLIS



DO not think for a moment that the condition in San Francisco is any worse, or even as bad as it is elsewhere. I lived in Chicago during the ten years when Chicago was achieving her redemption, and the outlook seemed darker than it does here. It was a slow, hard, steady fight, but it was worth it.

The redemption of which we stand in need and which we call municipal redemption, is much more than a matter of municipal redemption. It concerns the whole nation. Keeping close to the record, what is the fact? One hundred years ago, perhaps not more than four per cent of the population of this country lived in cities. Today the fact is quite the reverse. Certainly thirty-five per cent and quite probably as much as forty per cent of

our population is now a city-dwelling population. Throughout the last century there has been a steady drift toward the cities, and the movement shows no abatement in these more recent times. The time is close at hand, we may believe, when the major portion of the people of the country will be concentrated in the cities. Such has long been the case in England and other parts of Europe, and the same forces which are producing that result in Europe are in operation with us. The city is no longer an occasional and isolated group in a larger community. The cities are the community, and politics are, more and more, what the people of the city, or town, do. Whatever there is of good or evil in our political life is reflected most directly and characteristically in the quality of municipal conditions. The task to which we are summoned may be called "municipal redemption", but it is, in very truth, a political redemption of the most wide-reaching effect — a redemption nothing short of national redemption. And it follows from this, that if this redemption is to be genuine and of large account, it must, like every genuine redemption, be more than a redemption of outward circumstances — it must be a redemption of the spirit, a recovery of the manhood we have been losing

in the ordering of our public affairs. Let us not forget that: let us not mistake the nature of our task.

A recent visitor to our country from Europe set down the net result of his impressions in a single sentence: "America's troubles are chiefly economic and the cure is chiefly educational". There is much wisdom in that observation. It explains many of our difficulties. You can't get very far in the explanation of our political troubles without taking reckoning of business conditions. Bad business makes bad politics.

Let me quote you the observation of another well-informed foreign critic of American conditions. Comparing the moral standards of this country and Europe, he concludes that the standard of personal morality is notably higher here than there, that of business morality sensibly lower, and that of political morality a good deal lower. There lies the cause of our weakness. We do not carry our standards of personal morality into business, but we do carry our "business principles" into politics — and with great damage to each.

"Business is politics and politics is business". An unholy alliance, of which graft is the inevitable and hideous offspring. In my opinion, back of this whole

evil of graft of which we are complaining and for which we are trying to find relief, lies the imperfection of our business morals. You cannot have pure government unless you have clean business. And now, you who are business men, do you carry into your business relations the same manhood which is your constant guide in your personal and private relations?

It would be interesting, if time permitted, to run through the history of European morals and to draw certain conclusions which have a vital bearing upon our condition and needs. Europe, by slow degrees worked her way from a conception of citizenship in which mere obedience of law and custom was all that was asked or expected of the citizen to one in which a high and active sense of social responsibility was demanded of him in all his business and political relationships. The development of freedom and responsibility went hand in hand, as the only basis of an upright social order. Our experience is pointing in the same direction. There can be no freedom without responsibility. Citizenship, in a free community, means trusteeship, or it means nothing. That is the lesson we need to learn today in this country if we would be saved from the evils which threaten us. The

time has come to overhaul our standards of commercial and public morality, and to bring into them something of the spirit of trusteeship which they lack so terribly at the moment. The place to begin is in business.

We are too much in the habit in this country of regarding business as a game in which everything is legitimate which is permitted by the rules. We forget that our business code was an outgrowth of conditions which have long since passed away and that we have much need of improving our business system with a new spirit to adapt it to the altered circumstances and requirements of our day. America is no longer a community of frontiersmen; the social ethics of the frontier do not meet our needs as they once did. Our complex social relations require a more refined system. When men were few and opportunities for wealth creation many, and when all started substantially equal in the race, all that seemed necessary to secure the promotion of public welfare was to put every man on his mettle to make the most of those opportunities for himself. Those opportunities, moreover, were given by nature and they were so abundant that no man could easily crowd out his neighbors and engross them for himself alone. Fifty years ago the

corporation was almost an anomaly in the ordinary business organization of the country. Today it is the usual condition. Those varied activities which every school boy knows now-a-days by the name of "public utilities" are mainly a development of the past generation. In our economic life, as well as in our political life, the civil war marks a very distinct transition — a transition from relatively simple conditions to highly complex ones. An economic revolution has been in progress which has profoundly changed the environment of the business world.

Not a word should be said to minimize the awful condition that exists. It certainly does exist. We have the evidence, but we do not want to dwell upon that evidence to the extent of supposing that we are confronted by an utterly hopeless condition.

I have the highest regard for the average citizenship of San Francisco. It may be pretty weak at the top and pretty bad at the bottom, like the description Voltaire gave of English society in the eighteenth century, when he said, "Your society is a good deal like your English ale, froth on top, dregs at the bottom, but mighty sound in between".

The great mass in this community, the upper strata



VELASQUEZ

in the laboring world and the great mass of small property owners, are as sound at heart as you can find them in any American community; and if you drive an appeal home to the conscience of this people you will set going a moral force of incalculable effect in the redemption of this city.

It is a very grave mistake to think that a man in a free community can enter without any preparation into the enjoyment and intelligent exercise of his rights of citizenship. The education of the citizen interested the Greek mind intensely, because to them the perfect man was the perfect citizen. To the Greek there was no manhood apart from citizenship. Three things are necessary, says Aristotle, to the making of the citizen: nature, habit and reason; and in a strain that reads almost as if it had been written yesterday he begins by setting forth the importance of good birth. And he is right. Good citizenship begins in the cradle, or even earlier: choose your ancestors wisely. Habit, too, is of the utmost importance; not only the habit of self-restraint — not merely a negative morality, which does not allow the doing of certain things because they are tabooed or visited with disapproval by public opinion, but the habit of honorable action, actuated

by strong native impulses which spring from a love of right and from a keen regard of the public interest.

Habits are mainly a matter of breeding; after all, in his essential fibre, a man is more made by breeding than he is by education; the home is a more powerful agency than the school.

Coming then to the last, reason, this is the special and permanent province of education. In recent years not only in the universities but in the schools systematic efforts have been made to store the youthful mind with certain elementary convictions, certain basic information, certain principles that shall serve later as rules of conduct in guiding the individual in his private life. But we know that the man who does the wrong thing very seldom does it because he does not know what is the right thing to do, but because he lacks the character to do it.

Water does not rise higher than its level, and it is seldom that in the average man character rises higher than the average level in the community. If higher morals were as fashionable as great riches we should soon have many moral men. Speaking as a scholar and seeking the causes of our deplorable condition rather than in suggesting remedies, I conclude that at bottom the fault lies in our business system. It is there that we need

education to a new conception of responsibility. As long as business is pursued as a game in which everything is tolerated, you will have corrupt business ; and not only corrupt business, but corrupting business.

The manhood of America has never been called to meet a real crisis and flinched. We are alive and thoroughly awakened to the peril that is assailing our body politic today, and I do not doubt for a moment that the American people will see the issue, recover their manhood, and rise to a higher conception of the dignity and responsibility of citizenship.

The thing which characterizes every society of men, be it a civic community, be it a club, be it an army, is the number of men it contains who can rise to the conception of social responsibility. We want our business men and politicians to be gentlemen ; and the mark of a gentleman, it has been well said, is his consideration for the interests and the rights of others, his willingness to accept trusts.

The greater question in education is whether we can go on a step and develop a higher system of business ethics, following which will come a higher system of public ethics ; whether we can carry into the administra-

tion of business affairs that high conception of public spirit which regards a trust, not as an opportunity to filch a gain from others, but as something to be treated as a most solemn obligation.

The school, the home, the church, the press, the prosecution, and every other agency, will stand shoulder to shoulder in trying to waken the dormant conscience of the nation to an appreciation of its dangers and to point out the right way to carry into the arena of business and politics those same standards of morality which we punctiliously observe in our dealings with one another outside the regions of business and politics.

A man must believe in his country. American manhood is being roused to its opportunities and the needs of the hour. This nation has a conscience, and that conscience is being touched. Things will grow better, for they cannot stand where they are; and there is much warrant in history for the belief that things will grow better. Look at the English precedents. The history of England's relations with her Indian subjects down to the close of the eighteenth century was one of abuse of trust and misrule. These were brought home to the conscience of the English public in that great indictment of

Warren Hastings; and the whole episode showed how a really great man could be thoroughly debauched and demoralized by a low standard of public morality. It was not Warren Hastings that was on trial. It was the English system that was on trial; and the English people were wise enough to see this, and on the basis of that terrible ruin to erect a new polity — a new polity which makes the English administrator today, no matter where he goes among heathen and unprotected nations, a trustee. It teaches one lesson that is worthy of imitation in this regard, and that is, the education of the public servant to the conception of his function as one of trusteeship.

Yes, gentlemen, a man must believe in his country. I believe that the redemption is on in our country, and that it is a real redemption, a redemption of the spirit. And I believe that the oldest man in this room will live to see this California of ours a land of which it can once more be said, in the beautiful language of Job, "Your old men shall dream dreams; your young men shall see visions".



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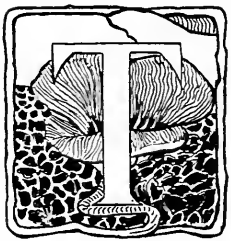
Philopolis

Vol. II NOVEMBER 25, 1907 No. 2



The Margin of Leisure

BY FREDERICK J. TEGGART



O each of us the feeling comes at times that we are circumscribed by repressing influences in our surroundings, and that opportunity for self-expression is only to be secured by escape from these hindrances. We are slow to discern that limitations upon the freedom of the individual are the inevitable consequence of social existence, that civilization is the product of the restraints imposed by

society, and, more especially, that the restrictions, against which we rebel, constitute the medium in which personality is expressed.

The intercourse of men, from which civilization springs, is made possible by the general acceptance of a common standard of conduct, although, not infrequently, this places exasperating trammels upon alert and initiative dispositions. The advancement of mankind depends upon the degree in which men unite for common aims, although this again necessitates the curtailment of individual activities and aspirations. But great men are those to whom the influences around them are as the rock-hewn channel, which in confining the river, gives impetus to its current.

Were a history of civilization to be written tracing the shifting incidence of restraints, it would probably show a gradual change from relative freedom of action to relative freedom of thought. In primitive society and in youth, when reflection is least operative, conduct is least amenable to convention. With advancing culture, however, men come to acquiesce in the regulation by exterior authority of the simplest acts of life ; but, departing wholly from the attitude of their forefathers, they resent

quickly any suggestion of interference with their opinions.

Because freedom of thought has long been one of our most cherished ideals, there may yet be some who imagine that such a thing is possible. Nevertheless the human mind will ever be circumscribed by factors of limitation. What one sees with his eyes is predetermined by his experience ; the things that have no meaning for a man receive no recognition from him, and his attention fixes itself on what he has previously learned to regard as essential to his welfare. In a similar manner one's thoughts are restricted: education, associations, environment, occupation, everything that has entered into the sum of a man's experience, has its influence upon the scope and content of his mind. What we think of is suggested in great measure by the circumstances of our lives, and our ideas and aspirations are regulated, to a greater extent than we would care to admit, by the thoughts of those with whom we come in contact. Moreover as the scale of intelligence is ascended the restraints become more effective and inclusive, for no exterior authority can impose such exacting restrictions as the individual accepts upon his own prescription.

The culmination of the limitations imposed on men is reached in the fine arts. Here the individual, already subject to innumerable restrictions, must further limit himself by conforming to the rules and technique of the art he adopts. Limitation, restraint and repression are thus the primary factors in the existence of all art, which in turn is the bloom upon the tree of civilization. The artist voluntarily accepts new limitations in order that he may be left the greater freedom for the expression of his personality through the exercise of the imagination. The restrictions accepted by the painter enable him to express himself with a precision, directness and force, wholly beyond the ingenuity of the uninitiated. The restrictions of form and verse accepted by the poet make possible the expression of his highest emotions and most glowing thoughts.

The artist, whether poet, painter or musician, is more sensitive than other men to the influences around him, and expresses the aspirations, hopes and ideals not only of himself but of his fellows. Further, the artist, strengthened by restriction, finds a new freedom in the utterance of his highest thoughts; and men who are without his power of expression, find in the enjoyment

of art the same release. We are so accustomed to speak of the beauty of the statue, painting or poem, and the pleasure we derive from it, that we forget to include in our estimate the elevation, satisfaction, and comfort even, that we derive from the restraint of the artist. Our appreciation of this restraint is the measure of our own acceptance of the conditions of civilized life.

So it is that the limitations by which men are everywhere surrounded, make possible the realization of personality.



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"It was a gentle business, and becoming
the action of good women."

—SHAKESPEARE.

BUSINESS is the pursuit of an occupation — that which busies. And while common custom may permit us to address the painter of pictures as an artist, and the man of trade as a business man, these little courtesies of man to man are not to be presumed upon. In truth they are but terms of common speech — a convenient means of designating the sort of activity to which persons are addicted, and should never be taken at all in the qualitative sense. For as Goethe says, "unqualified activity leads on to bankruptcy", which reminds me of a story.

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Two gentlemen of a small Turkish town having engaged in a street brawl, in which one had his ear bitten, were brought before a justice of the peace. The one with the injured ear accused the other of the crime, which was denied with the statement that the gentleman had bitten his own ear in spite. After reflection his honor adjourned court for a space. In the course of a few moments he returned with his head bandaged, and seating himself, gravely pronounced that he had had doubts as to the ability of a man to bite his own ear, but that he, after experiment, had found that one could not only bite his own ear, but could break his head in the operation. Case dismissed.

Now, the charter of San Francisco recognizes the principle that a city, like any other institution, is well served in its business activities only when it engages servants, or directors who know how to perform the various offices of a city in a skillful manner. The instrument is only half-hearted, true, but it was in the right direction. So I have been amusedly interested at the attempts in certain charter amendments to go back of the good business direction of the said instrument. Artists may not be business men in courtesy, but forsooth the biggest

dunce among them can see clear through the business methods of the amusing individuals who have misdirected at some time or other, every institution of a civic, artistic or educational character in the city, on the plea that artists and professional men in general are not business men — by courtesy. Well, they are not business men by courtesy, but they know bad business from good business — so do the people.

The city of San Francisco has no government. Government is an anachronism today both in deed and word. We are a self-governing people — some of us. We only have self-willed and unskillful servants, men who know little or nothing of street repairing, railroading, surveying, building, policing or education. We are ministered to by a horde of amateurs in all manners of business except good business.

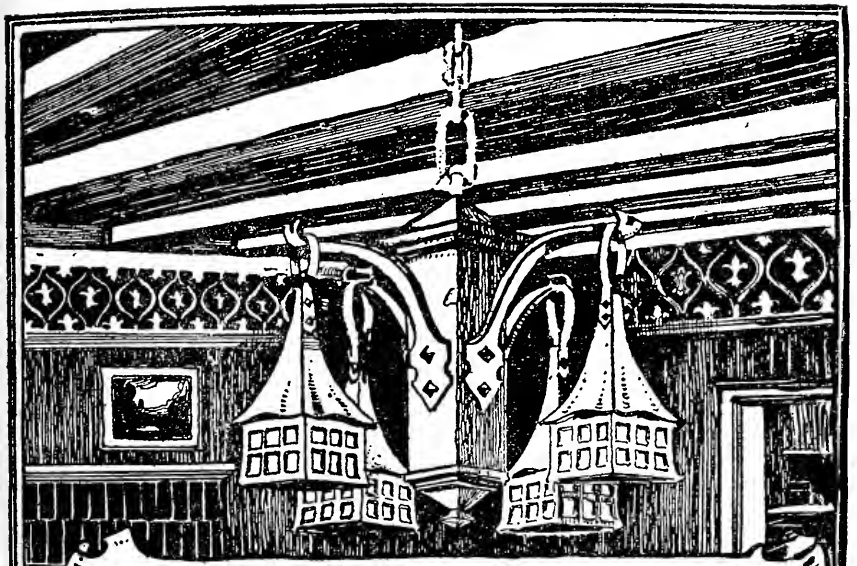
The present political campaign is the most unseemingly and unqualified exhibition of activity ever engaged in by men in the face of the fact that nearly all the gutters, street drains and pavements cleaned some months past by the people of San Francisco are more filthy and in a worse condition now than before they cleaned them. And, if I am not in error the racing waters of one good

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old-fashioned rain storm will do more damage to retaining walls, streets and cellars than the earthquake succeeded in accomplishing, if some of our amateur street board don't get a move on. Money, none is needed by our servants. Compel the contractors, etc., to clean the gutters, streets and sewers they have clogged. Politics, we don't want any. We want deeds. Graft prosecution, we don't want any more if the amateurs still continue to do our city business. We have had enough of business by courtesy. Give us a little qualitative activity or turn the "government" over to the ladies, as becomes gentlemen.

OUR financial community is to be congratulated in losing its weakest element, the California Safe Deposit and Trust Company. Let us hope that its doors will be opened only to pay its depositors in full, and then remain closed.



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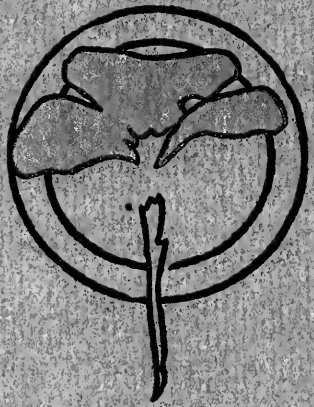
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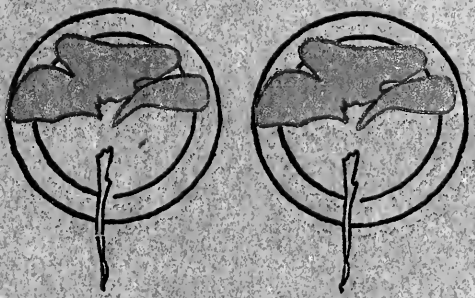




wo. No. 3 December 25, 1907 Price Ten Cents

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Vol. II DECEMBER 25, 1907 No. 3

A Monthly Magazine published at
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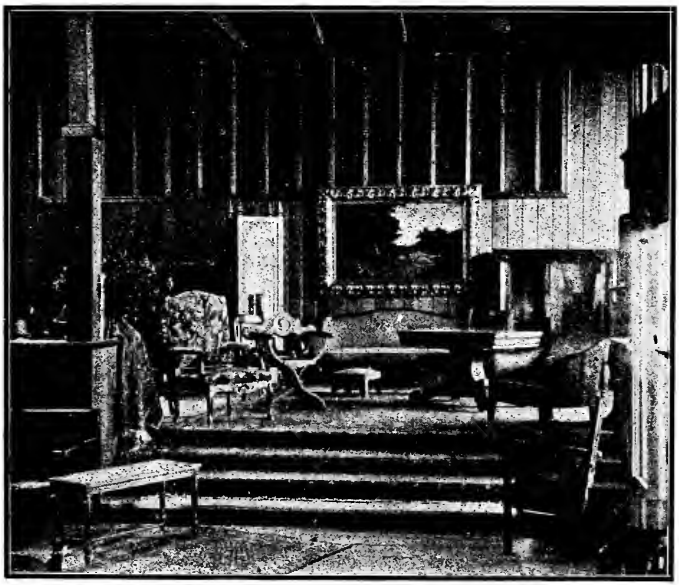
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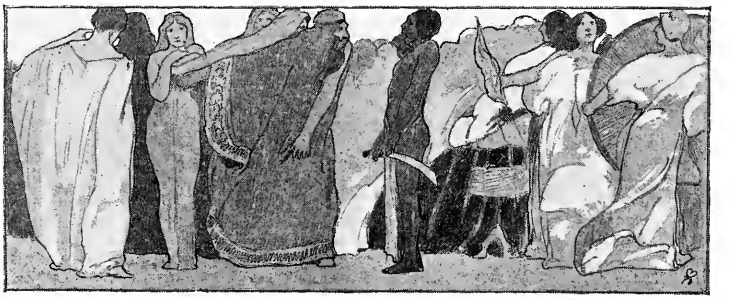
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Who should be employed to build—
Whosoever is skilled, to him should
Your Majesty entrust the work; a
man who has had no experience, though
he be a learned man, would be of no use.

—Hitopadesa.

O Spirit Divine · that doth lead
men toward Thyself · Thou hast
set us by the open sea that we
unhindered might look forth
on the Path of Thy Glory ·
Help us to seek Thee:
Thou hast set us in a land
filled with thy brightness
that we might be saved from
stumbling in the Way of Thy Desire
Help us to follow Thee:
Thou hast set us in the midst
of great trees that we also
might devote ourselves wholly
to the purpose of our existence
Help us to reach Thee





Mural Painting, or Painting as a Fine Art

BY ARTHUR F. MATHEWS

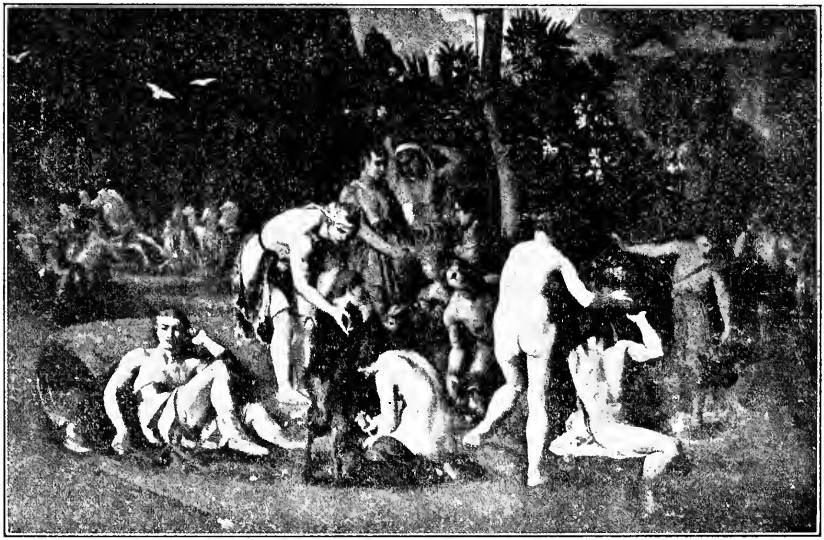
IN the mediums, in the methods, in the personality of Whistler, each in turn, the unwary have sought to catch the explanation of his artistry; still none whom I wot of have ever grasped the truth — the very obvious evidence in this painter's work, that the master became so because medium, method and personality joined in the man and made him the artist as we know him. Just around the corner in a side street somewhere in Paris, in a little color-grinder's

shop, any of Whistler's canvases, paints or brushes may be acquired; but in so much as I am aware, neither the painter's touch nor his intelligence is to be bought. In this way schools are founded and are lost; in this way the art goes and comes again in the artist, and we look in vain for the lost in the common stuff of the studio — quite oblivious that in these there is nothing when the artist has crossed the river. Still there is an advantage in knowing why the master selected and used this or rejected that, but there is more in knowing where he differentiated in general practice from modern painters as a class.

Criticism, supposed to generalize, usually runs against the prejudice of its own schooling and particularizes in a most minute fashion on differences of methods and subject matters among painters, when it is not these things which are valuable to us. The truly essential matter we would know is: what is the mental poise of the painter towards his associations, his environments? A true criticism, an intelligent analysis of an artist's work with this objective well in view all the time, might accomplish something, even if 'twere no more than the confusion of its particular prejudices.

However, to start clear of incumbrances, the arts parallel nature or play at her. It were folly to suppose for a moment that they are ever quite base enough to imitate her except in irony or as a matter of illustration. The illustrator's art and the fine art of painting are two and separable. Realism, impressionism, romanticism, are mere phases of the development of the greater one from its primitive origin — that of picture writing. And not perceiving the true meaning of the various steps, the differentiations of painting in the upward climb, we are led into the use of terms about as misleading as the hypothesis that painting is essentially the art of reproducing, imitating, illustrating, describing natural forms and colors in paint. Now, you will never know the nature of the moon through the analysis of a green cheese. No more will you know where the illustrative art and the painter's begin and end and separate themselves into two large and distinct groups, if you proceed under the suspicion that there is any essential difference between a framed painting, easel picture, and one destined to repose unframed on a wall surface. In this way we have come to the real matter of these few words — these few symbols of speech, considering the expanse of the subject.

In the same manner which it has come to pass that Whistler's name is associated with certain truisms and methods and complexions in the art, not peculiarly Whistlerian — being so linked more through a careless interpretation of this master's works and personality than by any truth, it has also come that Puvis de Chavannes and the art of mural painting, as a fine art, are one in the minds of many. True, this master was a great mural decorator, if you must so designate him. Still this does not prove that he invented the art; neither does it say that he was anything more than a great figure in its development. It is sufficient to give a man his true position, his real relationship to the rest. So when we say that the French master was able to disentangle himself from the general errors and small realisms of his day and schooling, from the petty foibles and prejudices of modern painters, and cut a pathway for himself and his kind, where none existed, it were enough. We gain nothing by exaggerating our heroes. Puvis de Chavannes and Whistler were great figures, not so unlike, in modern art. They were definite intelligences; neither was vague, exotic or queer, nor was either deceived for a moment by the prevalent notion that realism in art was the art, and



PEACE
PUVIS DE CHAVANNES

neither ever conceived nature too base to study, or so good that they should grovel in her abominations. Both perhaps were essentially what this, at times, silly world calls decorators, for both could decorate a wall space without ruining its spaciousness or the room it enclosed. An easel painting may be fumbled through to completion, not so with the mural painting. The end of the latter must be seen and clearly understood in the beginning. And nowhere does the truth of this become more evident than in the Pantheon in Paris. There, can be seen the labors of many painters, all illustrators but one. None but Chavannes has even touched the problem and no other there has accomplished more than to cover a wall space with an illustration from the life of Sainte Genevieve. And although details and the working out of limited phases of composition may amuse, when the dead certainty that none but Chavannes has been able to sustain a definite color note, or give their compositions, as to form, any relationship to the room itself, or within their work the damning truth that modern painting *en masse* lacks greater purpose than to illustrate nature and history in an inconsequential fashion, his work becomes convincing and the rest distressing; his genius grows

large in the mind, and one goes forth full of pain that so much paint were used around Puvis de Chavannes for no better purpose than to prove follies which should be evident without such waste.

Now accepting it as true, although it may be only hypothetical, that the fine art of painting only parallels nature in form and color, and that every painting must of necessity have a definite color note as a binding force in its construction, it can be easily seen where Whistler and Chavannes are alike, in a measure, and where they differentiate from modern painting in principle, and why their work was at first accepted or rather received as queer, when in truth they were quite normal, and only appeared otherwise to those who had accepted a limited experience as the whole of experience.

Which will you have? Eternal fidelity in the arts to the accidental, to the detachable, to the merely incidentals of truth in nature—the crude, limited exercise of the illustrator's medium of expression, or the fine art of painting—the broader, more liberal exercise of men's creative genius—the art of poesy rather than that of the prosaic. And when you have chosen your position don't forget that the true painter paints perforce of what is

behind him more than from that which lies directly in front; and having chosen, remember that no artist even if he confines himself to illustration, is bound to limit his work within your experience. The decorative painter, if this term must be used to distinguish the greater art from the lesser, certainly never will restrict himself so, for the simple reason that his vision, his experience, is not to be confined within the four corners of a picture frame.

Whistler was not essentially a painter of the grey. Puvis de Chavannes was not a painter who painted in the flat — in the manner of the fence poster — although he might seem so to those whose experiences were formed by the abuse of harsh transitions in crude colored pigments; and both perhaps were too subtle in their color keys to avoid being called grey painters or decorative painters.

So be it, amen!





FROM PAINTING
BY
WILLIAM KEITH



The Margin of Leisure

BY FREDERICK J. TEGGART

THE highway of civilization is hedged in by limitations which often appear to men as burdensome restrictions upon their freedom. The majority, while it records grievances, formulates theories of life, and projects Utopias, keeps, nevertheless, to the main road. But in every generation there are some, more strongly impelled by the atavistic restlessness perhaps, who turn tramps or adventurers; and others who

withdraw themselves alike from the highway and the bordering fields. It is not improbable that the dissatisfaction so exhibited is the product of conditions developed, in the lives of individuals who are inadequately prepared to exercise freedom of thought, when the social restraints upon personal action are first becoming imperative. In either case the individual endeavors to escape from the restraints imposed by society; the adventurer by breaking through the bounds set for him, the anchorite by stepping aside from the current of life and secluding himself from the world of men.

The anchorite or hermit who thus abandons his association with his fellows is the type of all renunciation. This passion, which searches austerely the depths of man's nature, has its origin in an emotional dissatisfaction with the conditions of life. Its characteristic strength and durability are derived at once from the belief that most men are mistaken in the objects to which they attach the highest value, and from the resolute desire to conform to what is conceived to be a nobler standard of life.

We cannot but feel, however, that the core of the matter lies behind this belief and this desire; for renun-

ciation means sacrifice consciously and deliberately made. Sacrifice and pain and an elevated purpose are the ideas associated with it in our minds. On the other hand being of the fellowship of loss we have a sympathy with deprivation which blinds us to the fact that the thought of relinquishment arises only where there has been previous disquiet and harassment. And as it affords us relief to act precipitately when face to face with our own incompetence, to cut Gordian knots in moments of recklessness, impatience and despair, so renunciation, by providing an avenue for resolution and definite action, brings a certain comfort, the sense of release from perplexity which accompanies finality. It is this comfort and this release we are seeking when we dream of acquiring merit through forswearing the object of our desire.

It is one of the enigmas of life that renunciation should be so greatly commended, although it is the converse of the courage, helpfulness and forbearance through which civilization has been made possible. The probability is that this commendation springs from the idea that the opposite of renunciation is enjoyment. The true alternative, however, is not enjoyment but restraint,

for we contemplate the putting away of those things only that have an added suggestion of temptation. Both renunciation and personal gratification through enjoyment are products of ideas which have their beginning in the supposition that men may exercise freedom of action. Yet it is quite evident that the anchorite as well as the adventurer, by this exercise of an imagined right, forfeits the benefits of social intercourse and alienates himself from the main current of life and thought. This is in fact the ambush set for those who would escape the ordeal of human perplexities.

There has never yet been renunciation that has not brought pain — the enduring pain which follows the discernment of lost opportunities. There has never yet been a cheerful acceptance of restraint, and restraint demands constant vigilance and striving, that has not added to the beauty and intensity of life, that has not conferred a new insight and a higher emotion.

If it is possible for us to believe that life and beauty, vigor and harmony, knowledge and art, are unworthy of our endeavor; if we can look on while other men face the struggle towards higher things and refuse to bear our part, then indeed we are justified in the effort to escape

perplexity by falling out of the ranks. But if we believe that the purpose of our being here is an unceasing struggle towards truth, and that we have been set among wonderful and beautiful things that we might derive help from them and inspiration; if we believe that the great obligation attaching to human intercourse is the acceptance of limitation, and that we are surrounded by restrictions that our energies might not be dissipated in vain effort, then indeed we must strive to prove ourselves worthy of the responsibilities which have been conferred upon us, and learn patiently so to utilize the imposed restraints that we may achieve a full and complete existence.



Philopolis

VOL. II DECEMBER 25, 1907 No. 3



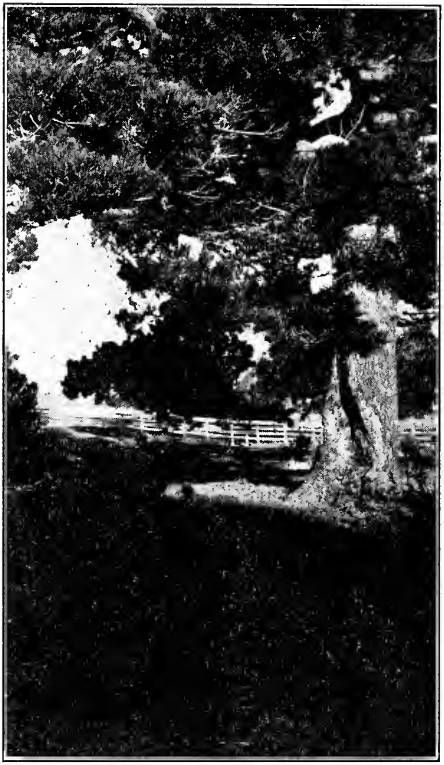


HETHER of sapphire depths, or turquoise blue, or simmering in the morning light as if of molten metal, or running wild with the winds, or rippling softly like great strings of pearls, Monterey Bay is ever the joy of the painter. Historian, archæologist and antiquarian turn their eyes and thoughts, and often their footsteps, towards the old town on its border, for it has played a part in the early history of the state. During the season, Bohemia, the native, the tourist, and the shadows of the Spanish settlement brush one another on the street. The original Spanish adobe and its dreadful counterfeit wink somewhat sadly at each other from opposite corners, and we wonder sometimes

when the time will come that the real inhabitant of the place shall know the why and wherefore which brings so many different interests together in such an insignificant village. Surely no one can conceive that all come to gaze on the modern clapboard shack or the wonderfully inappropriate new avenues, or the new "Mission Moorish" architecture, or merely to buy the funnily painted bits of shell and board, or the stumps of trees. No, friends all go there because the town is unusual among modern villages.

Monterey, the easy-going, the town of memories quaint and ancient, we flee — or have fled — to get away from a rectangular existence—a mundane existence entirely absorbed in dodging sharp turns and corners, the iconoclast and the vandal and so when we find the spirit of sacrifice without compensation running riot in the once rest-producing hills by the Bay of Monterey, we cling to our own quarters, or will cling when the destruction of the charm of the town, the bay and the woods, is complete.

Quarreling with energy, with thrift, with progress, is not my failing. Rather is it, that where the profits of these, in themselves good things, are in the paying of all we live for, all we have inherited from our fathers and



MONTEREY
PINE

nature, energy becomes detestable, progress loathsome and thrift despicable. Once upon a time I had hoped that the weed-grown streets might transpose themselves into well-kept lanes, picking their way around and through the town, somewhat after the fashion of a well-planned hill city, but seemingly this wish is doomed to die in visions and at the behest of certain progressive souls, who would have straight streets regardless of grades and our pains.

Verily, the Village of Monterey is on the verge of plucking its goose — the stimulus furnished by the army post to the beer and billiard hall business and the great ugly oil tanks seem to beckon it and to urge it to give up an assured attraction for a temporary and very unattractive future. Still there is a chance that the destruction of the trees may give the biting west winds of summer and the milder ones of winter a chance to blow bad ambition far away. And then there are the lovely grounds of Hotel Del Monte and the seventeen-mile drive with the miracle of the cypress grove and sand dunes at the other end.

Some time since a rumor got afloat that the P. I. Co. was on the verge of dividing Cypress Point into town

lots, and I take deep satisfaction in denying the bad gossip. But I am told that it does plan to locate one at Pebble Beach on the south drive. If you know that beautiful stretch of country and realize its adaptability for a settlement you will not regret the loss of the charm of Monterey. The Pacific Improvement Company does things with a full but a careful hand; so it is taken for granted that the new place on the north shore of Carmel Bay will not be any worse than it ought to be — which reminds me of a delicate attention the same gave to the painters of San Francisco, shortly after the fire. The establishment of a permanent exhibition place in the hotel is not so much as the frankness with which Mr. Shepard stated that they considered its establishment an advantage to the hotel as well as to the painters. We are not quite used to such treatment. We are told most grumpily, as a rule, that the benefits are all the painters'. As a result of this humane attitude, Del Monte has a fair exhibition of pictures — not so very well hung perhaps, but this is a small matter considering that the jury is new in the business. No policy in picture hanging is worse than the scattering of a few good works, in the hope of ballasting a super-abundance of indifferent pictures. How-

ever, if the artists of San Francisco will learn to pull together a little better than is the usual caper among all classes and professions, the exhibition at Del Monte will in time become worth while It will take time and much patience. It will have to gather to itself a precedent, it will have to become an establishment, before the dreams of its organizers come true. In other words, the exhibition, like any other, must become a habit before either the painters or the management are able to do just what they aspire for — a thoroughly worthy display of Californian painters' works.





Philopolis

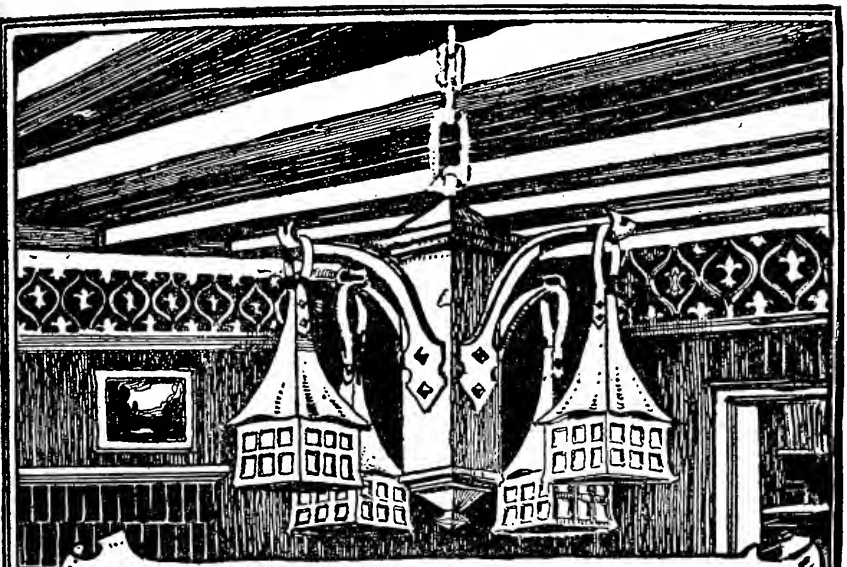
Vol. I NOVEMBER 25, 1907 No. 2

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BY ADOLF MILLER







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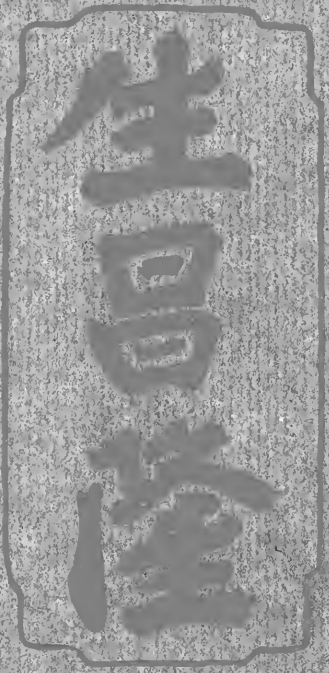
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Vol. II JANUARY 25, 1908 No. 4

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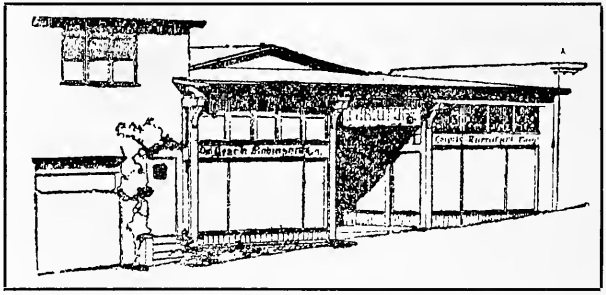
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And minds not stinted or untilled are given,
Sound, healthy children of the God of heaven,
Are cheerful as the rising sun in May.
What do we gather hence but firmer faith
That every gift of noble origin
Is breathed upon by Hope's perpetual breath:
That virtue and the faculties within
Are vital—and that riches are akin
To fear, to change, to cowardice, and death?

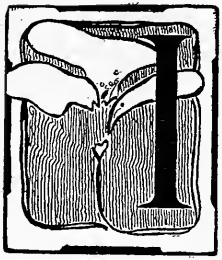
—Wordsworth



CHRIST HEAD
THE LAST SUPPER
AT MILAN
DA VINCI

Leonardo da Vinci

HOMO MINISTER ET INTERPRES NATURÆ



N Vasari's life of Leonardo da Vinci as we now read it there are some variations from the first edition. There the painter who has fixed the outward type of Christ for succeeding centuries was a bold speculator, holding lightly by other men's beliefs, setting philosophy above Christianity. Words of his, trenchant enough to justify this impression, are not recorded, and would have been out of keeping with a genius of which one characteristic is the tendency to lose itself in a refined and graceful mystery. The suspicion was but the time-honored mode in which the world stamps its appreciation of one who has thoughts for himself alone, his high indifference, his intolerance of the common forms of things; and in the second edition the image was changed into something fainter and more conventional. But it is still by a certain mystery in his work, and something enigmatical beyond the usual

measure of great men, that he fascinates, or perhaps half repels. His life is one of sudden revolts, with intervals in which he works not at all, or apart from the main scope of his work. By a strange fortune the works on which his more popular fame rested disappeared early from the world, as the *Battle of the Standard;* or are mixed obscurely with the work of meaner hands, as the *Last Supper.* His type of beauty is so exotic that it fascinates a larger number than it delights, and seems more than that of any other artist to reflect ideas and views and some scheme of the world within ; so that he seemed to his contemporaries to be the possessor of some unsanctified and secret wisdom ; as to Michelet and others to have anticipated modern ideas. He trifles with his genius, and crowds all his chief work into a few tormented years of later life ; yet he is so possessed by his genius that he passes unmoved through the most tragic events, overwhelming his country and friends, like one who comes across them by chance on some secret errand.

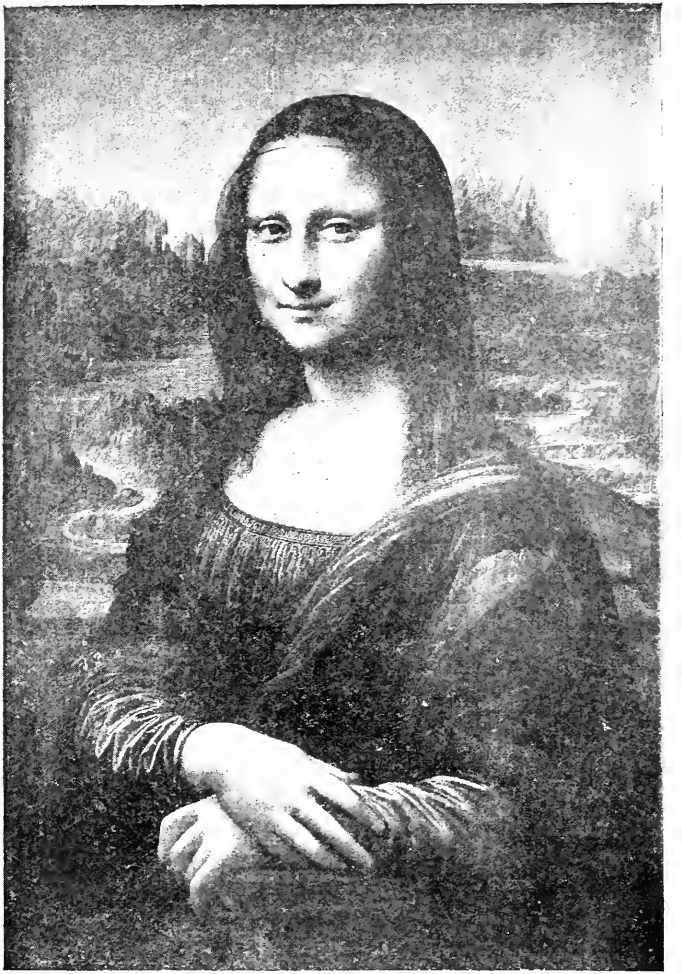
La Gioconda is, in the truest sense, Leonardo's masterpiece, the revealing instance of his mode of thought and work. In suggestiveness, only the *Melancholia* of

Durer is comparable to it; and no crude symbolism disturbs the effect of its subdued and graceful mystery. We all know the face and hands of the figure, set in its marble chair, in that cirque of fantastic rocks, as in some faint light under sea. Perhaps of all ancient pictures time has chilled it least.[1] As often happens with works in which invention seems to reach its limit, there is an element given to, not invented by, the master. In that inestimable folio of drawings, once in the possession of Vasari, were certain designs by Verrocchio, faces of such impressive beauty that Leonardo in his boyhood copied them many times. It is hard not to connect with these designs of the elder, by-past master, as with its germinal principle, the unfathomable smile, always with a touch of something sinister in it, which plays over all Leonardo's work. Besides, the picture is a portrait. From childhood we see this image defining itself on the fabric of his dreams; and but for express historical testimony, we might fancy that this was but his ideal lady, embodied and beheld at last. What was the relationship of a living Florentine to this creature of his thought? By

1 Yet for Vasari there was some further magic of crimson in the lips and cheeks lost for us.

means of what strange affinities had the person and the dream grown up thus far apart, and yet so closely together? Present from the first incorporeally in Leonardo's thought, dimly traced in the designs of Verrocchio, she is found present at last in *Il Giocondo's* house. That there is much of mere portraiture in the picture is attested by the legend that by artificial means, the presence of mimes and flute-players, that subtle expression was protracted on the face. Again, was it in four years and by renewed labor never really completed, or in four months and by a stroke of magic, that the image was projected?

The presence that thus rose so strangely beside the waters, is expressive of what in the ways of a thousand years men had come to desire. Hers is the head upon which all "the ends of the world are come," and the eyelids are a little weary. It is a beauty wrought out from within upon the flesh, the deposit, little cell by cell, of strange thoughts and fantastic reveries and exquisite passions. Set it for a moment beside one of those white Greek goddesses or beautiful women of antiquity, and how would they be troubled by this beauty, into which the soul with all its maladies has passed! All the thoughts



LA GIOCONDA
DA VINCI

and experience of the world have etched and moulded there, in that which they have of power to refine and make expressive the outward form, the animalism of Greece, the lust of Rome, the reverie of the middle age with its spiritual ambition and imaginative loves, the return of the Pagan world, the sins of the Borgias. She is older than the rocks among which she sits; like the vampire, she has been dead many times, and learned the secrets of the grave; and has been a diver in deep seas, and keeps their fallen day about her; and trafficked for strange webs for Eastern merchants: and, as Lena, was the mother of Helen of Troy, and, as Saint Anne, the mother of Mary: and all this has been to her but as the sound of lyres and flutes, and lives only in the delicacy with which it has moulded the changing lineaments, and tinged the eyelids and the hands. The fancy of a perpetual life, sweeping together ten thousand experiences, is an old one; and modern thought has conceived the idea of humanity as wrought upon by, and summing up in itself, all modes of thought and life. Certainly Lady Lisa might stand as the embodiment of the old fancy, the symbol of the modern idea.



The Margin of Leisure

BY FREDERICK J. TEGGART

CIVILIZATION is so much a matter of ideas that its advancement is conditioned by the dual process of the acquisition and dissemination of knowledge. These operations are mutually dependent, for it is not the stored grain that produces the harvest but what has been spread abroad. As in human effort generally, here also progress has been made possible by division of labor. Each generation delegates its responsibility of adding to the sum of knowledge to a small group of investigators and scholars, thus vicariously devoting a percentage of its time and energy

to this purpose. And since to follow knowledge is our highest activity, a provisional basis for estimating the status of social groups might be arrived at by taking into consideration the actual time which they set apart for intellectual pursuits. In general terms the interest shown in such matters will be proportionate to the intelligence of the community; the additions to knowledge made by any generation will depend upon its powers of receptivity, for in the last resort it is the audience that determines the character of the play. Progress then would seem to require, in a greater degree than is generally imagined, the establishment of a relationship of mutual understanding and mutual interest between the investigator or scholar and "the man in the street."

Many impediments, however, stand in the way of this complete harmony. The business community finds little difficulty in estimating the relative importance of the activities of its various members, for the touchstone of material success resolves all doubts. The community of scholarship also has its standards and methods for judging the work of its constituents. But there would seem to be no common ground upon which these two groups

can meet on an equal footing. As a consequence of this disparity and conflict of aims much misunderstanding has been produced.

The public, for example, entertains singular ideas in regard to the scholar. It imagines him to be a recluse absorbed in matters of no practical value, and curiously unable to take an interest in everyday affairs. On the other hand, there has been a tendency on the part of the student to regard himself as belonging to a special class, removed from the world at large because of the ignorance and incapacity of the crowd.

This exclusive attitude of the informed towards the uninformed is seen in its extreme expression in the times when religion was the particular form under which all demands of mental life found satisfaction. Then knowledge was guarded as the esoteric possession of the initiated few. From this position it was scarcely a step to regard the many as incapable of understanding the secret mysteries, and to believe that they were best served in being protected against knowledge which, in the eyes of its possessors, they could not utilize. From a different premise it was argued that the acquisition of knowledge was of such importance that the majority

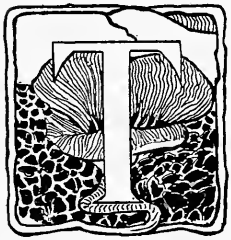
should be sacrificed for the few who devoted themselves to the service of the mind. It would not be difficult, considering the historical setting in which they are found, to formulate a reasonable defense of these contentions. But the fact remains that when knowledge has been regarded as the exclusive possession of a restricted class, progress has been retarded; and the knowledge so held has lost its vitality and suffered a process of degeneration.

The residue of this old-time attitude though slight, is nevertheless discernible. There is still some doubt in the minds of the informed as to the possible benefit the multitude could derive from the results they have obtained; there is still some hesitation in admitting that the uninformed are capable of appreciating their labors. This doubt and hesitation are most clearly shown in the reluctance of scholars and investigators to present their conclusions in such form as will interest and attract their fellows whose lives are devoted to other pursuits. Yet the acquisition of knowledge is only important in order that it may be disseminated, and at the present time there is a large public prepared to listen when the informed are willing to speak.

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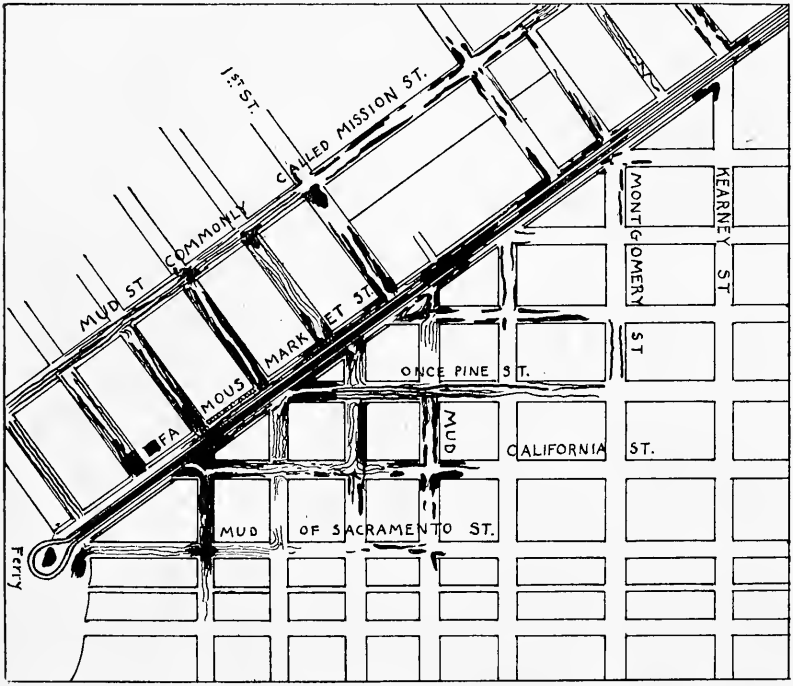
VOL. II JANUARY 25, 1908 No. 4

ART & BUSINESS



O the stranger, on entering the portal of the City of San Francisco at the Ferry building, the chaotic condition of the lower end of Market street and adjacent territory might appear as something peculiarly our way of conducting municipal affairs; but the native, familiar with the habits of American institutions from the greater to the lesser ones, if he were addressed by an inquisitive visitor, would inform the same very quickly: that what he saw here of unpleasant laborings was a national trait rather than a fault peculiarly San Franciscan; and that the exception to the general rule of procedure in our building operations is so startling that it becomes a nine days

wonder with the press and people. All of which does not mean necessarily that the American lacks a sense of order, is deficient in executive ability, or is wilfully negligent, inartistic, unimaginative and entirely devoid of appreciation of rational, skilful, unified activity. The nine days' wonder in the press over a brilliant achievement is sufficient proof of our appreciative instincts, and the marvelous accomplishments of the individual in San Francisco, in spite of all absence of concerted action, plentifully supplies the evidence that the citizen of the United States has all the attributes of creative genius. So, in order to find the key to the failure of his institutions in certain departments we are to look over the individual and beneath his institutions for the cause of the erratic, inconsequential nature and lack of connectedness of all those activities which are domineered by "the people" rather than the individual. Whether we will it so or not, public performances, community functions, the affairs of both the little and the large institution, ultimately fall to the lot of the individual, as the executive force through which any of these are consummated. Therefore, when there is failure, the failure must come of one, or a combination of two factors — the individual



MAP OF MARKET STREET AND ADJACENT TERRITORY, ILLUSTRATING THE METHODS OF THE BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS IN BLOCKADING TRAFFIC GOING NORTH, EAST, SOUTH, AND WEST

is either insufficient or promised support has failed him at an important moment. With us it is usually a combination of both unpreparedness for the allotted task and the promise unfulfilled. If you add to these the universal tendency of men to meddle in affairs they don't quite comprehend, you may know why Americans usually make a mess of municipal business, however good and moral their intentions.

In America the fear of monarchial and imperial governmental forms is played upon by the demagogue, and "the people" in guarding every avenue through which their democratic institutions may be attacked are very apt to adopt empiric systems in most danger altitudes or become monarchial in practice without being really aware of either tendency. That the great imaginative, creative instincts of Americans, collectively, are seldom democratic, but few would believe; still the truth is, that we are an empiric people to a degree, and as a consequence are led or driven by the very soul of empiricism — the amateur in business of the arts and the arts of business, into the most fatuitous activities.

Our City's Charter incidentally confesses the prime error of conception of American systems of control as

applied to collective bodies, where special qualifications are essential to good management and direction ; still the instrument itself flies wide of the mark in applying the general principle — that an agent, however wise he may be or honest in intention, is unreliable the moment he assumes a commission he is not fitted for.

And nowhere in its composition is there a more striking example of the avoidance of the principle than in the sections devoted to the creation of, and assignment of duties to the Board of Public Works. The organic law of San Francisco permits the chief building authorities to hire expert assistance, but the Board itself may be constituted of any material the Mayor sees fitting — and no one may say yea or nay, my lord. And therein lies the whole story of the failures of American institutions in technical and building operations. They hire technical assistance perforce of compulsion and never quite incorporate the particular intelligence demanded, in each case, in their administrative boards. So no matter how well financiered they are, we expect them to fall far short of any positive accomplishment in the real objectives they confess or profess. However well organized they may be in the clerical sense of business,

real business is full of hitches, irritating, unskilfully performed or hindered: and all of experience is buried in the endless, objectless records of their secretaries. The average business man goes into the governing board of a society devoted to the advancement of some specific purpose he knows little of and retires but little wiser than when he entered, unless by accident. It is the same with the governmental commissions. Good-will goes astray or tires, therefore the hired man is not only forced, if he is truly skilled and ambitious, to educate "his board," but also is under the obligation to push aside hindrances that he may exercise himself with a show of intelligence in his appointed — or rather hired — capacity.

Such situations are trying, onerous to a degree, and humorous where no harm comes; but the ever-present danger is that they offer the most beautiful opportunities for those who love to toss the apple of discord into happy families.

In the face of these conditions, peculiarly American, criticism is quite out of the question; the criticism of a commission, all too obviously composed of a lack of technical skill and financial judgment, is treated as an act

of unkindness; to criticize one too obviously bad in its exhibits for comment, merely strengthens it in its obstinacy; and so the bad custom of using poorly tempered tools for public works where the finest quality is essential goes on and we get just such things as we see at the lower end of Market street and adjacent territory — as a sort of confirmation of prophecy. It is by such performances that the American is condemned by foreigners as lacking in executive ability — energetic but destructive, inventive but inartistic, resourceful in times of storm, but helpless when not pressed by necessity. Collectively we deserve the stigma, but as individuals the tale reads the other way. The trouble is that America has not or will not learn to use the creative genius that is within its corporate body as a matter of principle. As a matter of fact, in her public affairs, America is served, except under compulsion of unusual conditions, by the financially, the commercially, or the artistically half-equipped — or the indifferent. So the good citizen is ever seeing his best intentions going astray, his capital wasted, and makeshift works reproduced in the new with Japanesque fidelity. Market street, aside from the necessary inconvenience its reconstruction has brought in its length, has a particu-

larly amusing aspect. Why in the latter days of good civic practice the abject copy of the old street with its maze of piping below the pavement and a muddle of manholes above the same?

Verily, we as a collective body, gather no wisdom — all that stays with our institutions are their bad habits, and the inevitable minutes of their governing boards' meetings. The works of the good are spoiled by the bad, and the bad are too expensive to correct. We never consult professional or any sort of skilled worker in first aids performances. The doctor is merely called in to view the corpse, as it were, of our collective creations. And nothing could be less strange than that the brilliant achievements of San Franciscans as individuals threaten to appear in the near future very like the labor of folly in the midst of our disorganized and disorganizing collective actions.

Surely San Francisco is not so absurd as not to see the foolery of hedging about the Police Department, historically the most dangerous limb of government to democratic ideal, all the protection, all the provisions for life-long tenure of office, and yet decline to trust any sort of skill in building lines, other than the most mediocre



STREET ABUSE ON CALIFORNIA STREET

kind, at a period when the very life of it depends upon its speedy rehabilitation on permanent foundations.

Come, gentlemen, this city is not for the moment a commercial port. It is a vast edifice in the throes of construction. The Board of Public Works is the king-pin; so you would better make it strong—strong enough, skilful enough, firm enough and of sufficient sense of justice to clear the streets of San Francisco. If it is all this, though nothing more, we are at least free to build, and run no danger of being compelled to pay for illy considered, badly financiered city jobs.





WHILE the poppies nodded their golden heads in the hot sun, and the wind blew the buzzing bees from flower to flower, the poppies were heard to say: "How many lessons could be learned from us by the world of men; we grow, we bloom, and are a beautiful warm color, and always with us there is quiet and understanding, yet nothing is ever the same — we die, we are happy to come again to enjoy all of earth's storms, winds and sun. Man lives on and on with little happiness, and does not want to die, quite content with a life as foreign to him as if we were put in a garden."

And to the bees the hum of our city, so much louder than their own, was like a big roar, too loud for much work, where all choose to labor amid pitiful surroundings and not for the love of it, while if man would merely help nature along, an inspiration would come.

"Rats, did you say? Rats, poisoning rats again — not if I know it — in my yard. We have always had rats and we always will have rats until you fellows quit feeding them in the gutters and leave the sewers dirty."

There was a great nodding among the poppies and the bees hummed louder than ever. "Bless me," said a fine old bumble bee, "these men — what a quarrelsome lot." "Aye!" quoth a golden bud, "something must be done. What say you to a society for the dispensation of peace among the human kind?"

"Naw, that's tainted with Carnegie money."

A gurgle ran through the flower beds, and the old maid bee dropped her salts, or was it her honey bag?

Just then groaning drew attention away from the ordinary chatterings of the garden, and every inhabitant rushed towards the center of the sound.

"Poor fellow," echoed over the lawns in a multitude of petite accents, "poor, poor fellow."

"Ah, yes, poor fellow!" groaned the gray rat of the neighborhood. "Poor fellow am I, going to my death for eating the strange new foreign delicacies."

VOICE—Something must be done. *(Great applause.)*

CHORUS—Something must be done.

VOICE—Do it now.

OLD MAID BEE—Yea, a society for the humanization of the biped colossus genus man. *(Applause.)*

VOICE—I move we organize—

CHORUS—I second it.

OLD RAT—Yes, my friends—terrible, terrible pains I suffer—but organize—men have their politicians—they have their—(gasps).



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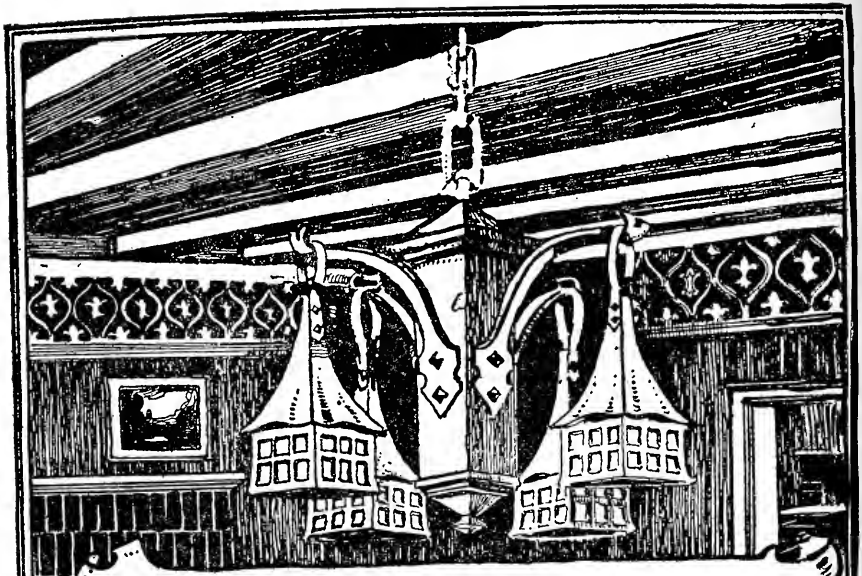
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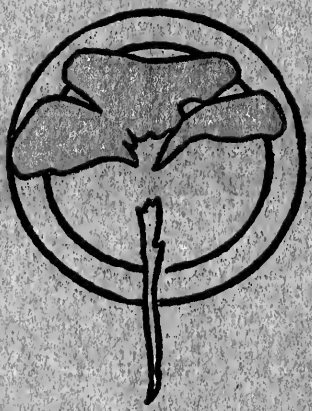
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Vol. II FEBRUARY 25, 1908 No. 5

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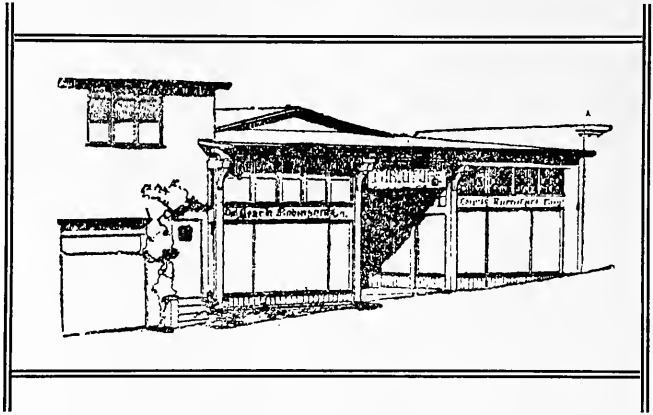
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of rest
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Whence, after many a year, we might
return,
As trampled flowers return from
Nature's breast.

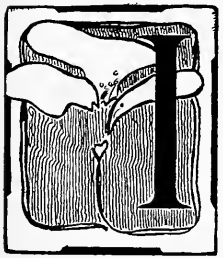
— Omar Khayyam



AGE OF INNOCENCE
SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

The New San Francisco

BY JAMES D. PHELAN



IF, long years ago, a Spanish imperial commissioner were directed to visit Central and Northern California and lay the foundation for a great city, what site, judge you, would he have selected? In the light of the present there can be but one answer; but, surprising as it may appear, the eligibility of San Francisco was not only disputed under such circumstances, but condemned as a place even for human habitation.

Don Pedro de Alberni was, in July, 1796, ordered by the Viceroy of Spain to examine and report on the most suitable location for the Villa of Branciforte. He examined the country about Santa Cruz, Santa Clara, and San Francisco, and reported that in and about the Mission

and Presidio of San Francisco there was no irrigable, pasture or grain lands, no water, no timber, "and therefore," he adds, "I am convinced that the worst place or situation in California is that of San Francisco." In spite of this evil report, however, we find the Mission of San Francisco Dolores, thirty years later, in 1825, possessed of over one hundred and fifty thousand head of horses, cattle and sheep, besides thousands of bushels of wheat. But agricultural pre-eminence is not claimed for San Francisco, and hence we greet the views of Captain Benjamin Morrel, a more sensible and far-seeing person than the Senor Alberni, who visited the port in the same year, and who declared it to be the finest harbor in the world, and that the presence of enlightened men was only necessary to give the landscape "a soul and a divinity." Between that date and 1835 a new population, small in numbers, must have settled in the cove of Yerba Buena, now the city; for Richard H. Dana, in his "Two Years Before the Mast," modestly assumes the role of a prophet when he says he beheld at that time a town composed of Yankee-Californians called Yerba Buena, "which promises well."

After the discovery of gold, the pioneers found in the

quiet little hamlet a hospitable welcome and temporarily made it their abode, but such of them who thought at all about the possibility of a large city growing on the Bay of San Francisco gave Yerba Buena little heed. They located cities farther up the bay, near the mouth of the San Joaquin River, and General W. T. Sherman, who surveyed many such sites, and confidently took town lots in partial payment for his services, describes, in his Memoirs, the failure of these enterprises.

Cities are a growth. They come by a commercial evolution. The development of San Francisco, located on a sterile peninsula, has always been regarded as a marvelous fact. Its discoverers and its founders did not behold with the eyes of commerce the superb gateway through which must pass the traffic of a thousand lands, nor could they foresee California's wealth of fruits, grains, ores and manufactures, of which San Francisco is the natural emporium.

But on the map of the world the great bay and harbor, opening into 76,000,000 miles of ocean, was stamped by the hand of Fate and destined for empire, and passing generations, now floating on the tide of fortune, dimly conscious of the greatness of their metropolis, little ap-

preciate the strength of their position and the value of their heritage. We are, perhaps, too close to the object to take an extensive view. We have groveled too long in the slough of self-depreciation, and should arouse ourselves to the dignity of our citizenship, and more particularly to the duties of the hour.

Let us for a moment take the impression of others: James Anthony Froude, the historian, says in his "Oceana" written in 1886, that he found himself landed in San Francisco with a sort of youthful excitement, for California, with its gold, and its cornfields, its conifers, and its grizzlies, its diggers and its hidalgoes, was to him a land of romance — the wonders of which passed belief. Nor was he disappointed, and in his critical comment says that San Francisco is now one of the most important cities in the world. destined to expand into dimensions of which the present size of it is nothing, for it is and must be the chief outlet into the Pacific of the trade of the American continent. And later, James Bryce, in his "American Commonwealth," digresses to exclaim: "Few cities in the world can vie with San Francisco either in the beauty or the natural advantages of her situation: indeed, there are only two places in Europe — Constan-

tinople and Gibraltar — that combine an equally perfect landscape with what may be called an equally imperial position. * * * The air is keen, dry and bright, like the air of Greece, and the waters not less blue."

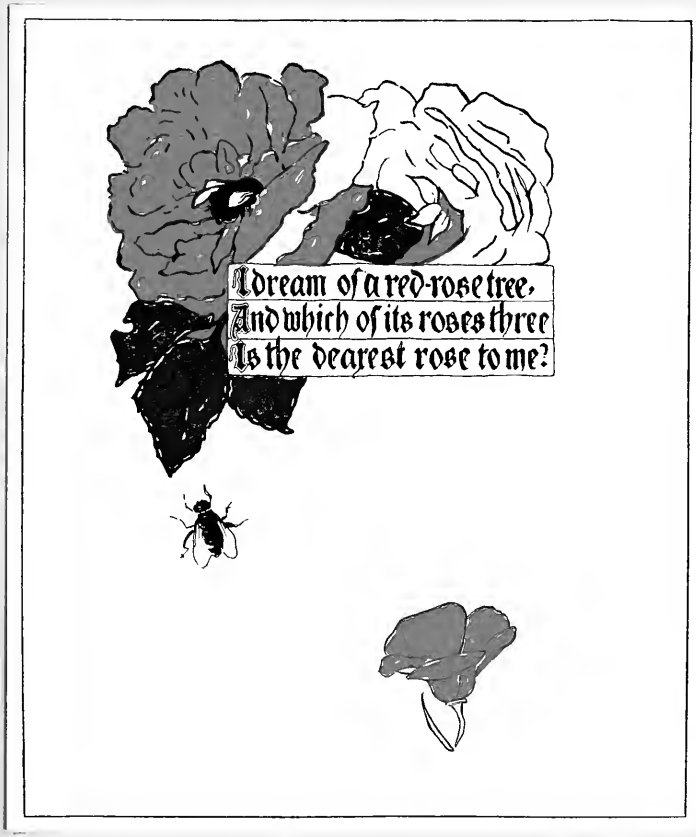
So nature has dowered San Francisco. The accident of the gold discovery brought a superior population, yet with no set purpose of settlement, nor inspired by any civic pride in the founding of a commonwealth. There was no community of interests. Men were here for fortune, on whose wings they hoped to fly away when she smiled upon their suit.

But San Francisco went ahead, calm and irresistible, by the force of her position. Destroyed by fire, she rose in fairer form. Pillaged by her custodians in the name of "law and order," despoiled of her lands by fraud or by conspiracy, as in the time of Peter Smith, or, as subsequently, by Supervisors and City Attorneys; compelled to suicidally surrender her waterfront to the State in order to avoid a threatened private monopoly; betrayed by her legislators in the granting of valuable franchises for long terms without reversions, safe-guards, nor consideration, she has been the outraged and neglected foundling of Fate, surviving simply because there is a

necessity that she should live. She lives for a purpose. She lives to serve as the handmaid of commerce between the western shores of the United States and the lands facing the great Pacific; she lives to preserve the ocean free for the carriage of California's wealth; she lives to be the capital of an empire, and to foster the arts of peace; to yield for her citizens the fruit of a civilization, riper and better than those which gladdened the Athenian heart and fulfilled the Roman's boast—"to be a Roman was greater than to be a King."

Nature, I repeat, has endowed our city—it is for the people to administer the trust.





BY
LUCIA K. MATHEWS

Philopolis

VOL. II FEBRUARY 25, 1908 No.

ART & BUSINESS

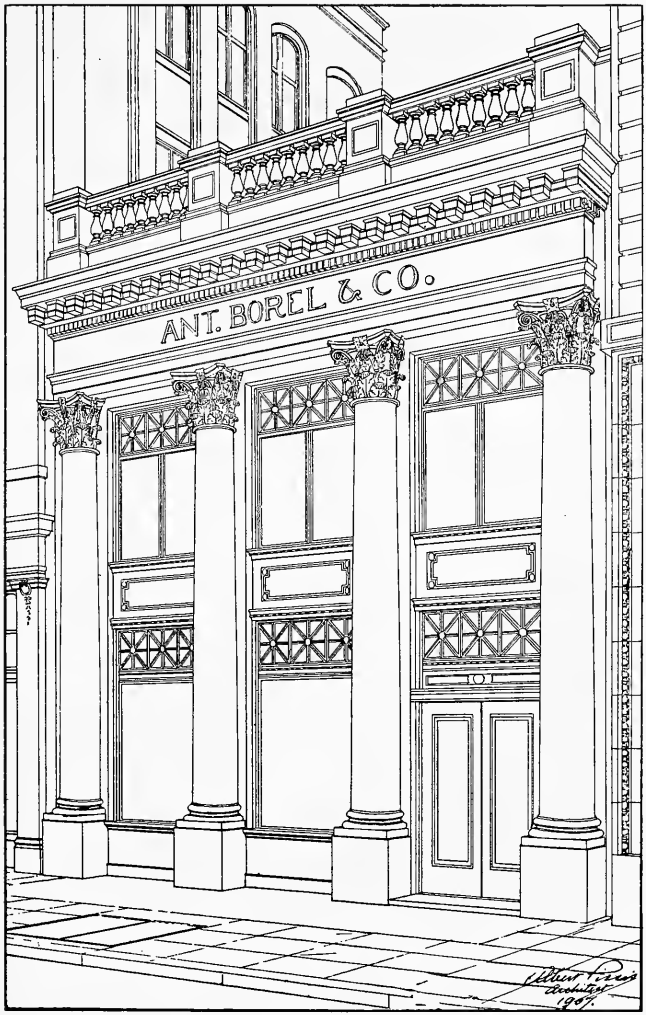
OF all the fine arts architecture is the one entering most commonly into the everyday life of a community. Still none has shown less evidence of intelligible progress than the art of building in this country. While it may be true that individual architects like Atwood, Stanford White, McKim, Root and Richardson have shown remarkable capacity as artists — reserved but progressive — the larger bulk of our building efforts show but little evidence of an attempt to raise architecture above the level of pretence and mediocrity. Once in a while the uninformed, or misinformed, magazine writer bubbles over in enthusiasm for an "indigenous art or architecture" — a mere

empty specimen of phraseology — and pulls vigorously with one hand at the ear of the public, while tweaking the noses of artists with the other, very much after the manner of the old agent of the predatory academies of art. But insomuch as concerted action is concerned America only shows spasms in architectural improvement. And where there is a signal artistic victory it is usually marred by the physical prostration of the architect. As if it were not enough that modern conditions and ideals impose a thousand and one complications on mere building, undreampt fifty years past, it were thought justice to pile hindrances in the pathway of the art of architecture by demanding all sorts of amateurish experiments or impossible classicisms from architects.

The history of public buildings in this country is one of dreadful disasters, coming not so much, as the people believe, from malfeasance in public office as from the foolish desire of every community to possess that periwig of classicism, the dome, on its public edifice. And yet we hear a still small voice sound today, in much experienced San Francisco, the slogan for a classic city hall; and the supervisors include in its program for the new

bond issue $5,000,000 for one, in addition to $1,500,000 for a court of justice and jail. Cut these in twain, gentlemen. A good three quarters of a million for the latter and two million for a city hall is sufficient to provide for these civic offices — without the domes and classic excrescences. We the people go to the town hall but once or twice a year and never to the county jail; but we have use for the streets and parks of the city every hour. The people of San Francisco will vote "no" on any bond issue that does not provide for the enlargement of the point of contact of Market, Sacramento and East streets, and some means of safe passage from Market street to the Ferry building, and the opening of certain other avenues. A $7,000,000 appropriation for extravagances in the shape of public offices — sure to be as cheap and nasty as our present streets and ruined City Hall and Court of Justice, and not one penny for a truly improved city above the sewerage level, is too much for the people.

And then the three-qurters of a million offered by Carnegie for a library building. It opens a wide field for academic discussion and practical views in our mundane existence; and our temporary representatives are



BANK BUILDING. ALBERT PISSIS, ARCHITECT.

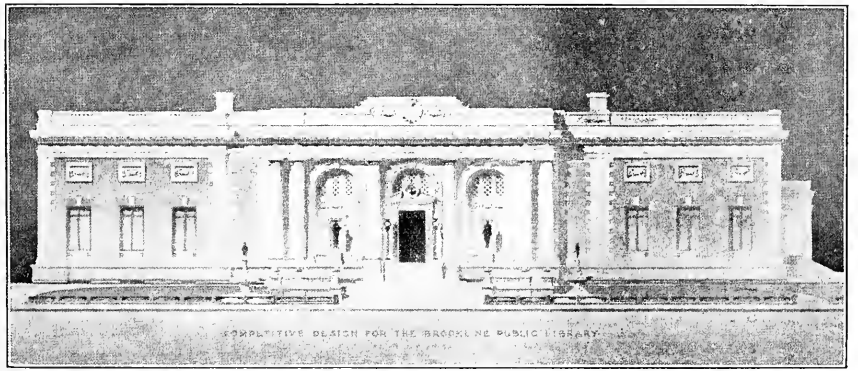
not to say off-hand that the people of San Francisco are to be deprived of the opportunity of availing themselves of the Carnegie gift. The individual may exercise his personal prejudices and ultra-squeamishness in regard to charitable offers of assistance, in his own private domain, and at the same time have no right to stand in the way of other individuals efforts to benefit the people.

I am sure the people of San Francisco would not object to two public library buildings—one bearing the name of Carnegie and the other that of St. Francis, and I am equally certain that both would be well used even if accepted as charitable gifts — one from our city fathers and the other from the, at the present time, charitable millionaire.

Aside from the profits accruing to the public through the Carnegie library building gifts, in the form of better library advantages, they give the library building as an architectural possibility far greater prominence in the public eye than would otherwise be the case. And the merest casual review of the various competitions, though not coming up to the highest standard as yet, show a strong advance in conception over previous efforts, and very positive signs of liberal exchange of ideas among

the architects who are interesting themselves in this problem.

And herein lies the true story of the evolution of all those vital artistic entities we are in the habit of classify-



ACCEPTED DESIGN FOR BROOKLYN PUBLIC LIBRARY

ing as periods in the history of human endeavor. Some ideal or material demand of the people, of sufficient strength and persistency, centralizes the interests of a community and the artist and his public working thusly

together, though unconsciously, stimulate and react in one another. Modern conditions so far are seemingly negative to such communal activity; still it is not to be said off-hand that there is not some force working unseen that will eventually leaven the vast mass of unassorted individual experiment going on in the light of "the modern era". So it is not for our city fathers to stand in the way of anything which tends towards the comfort and enlightenment of the people. There is no doubt in my mind that the modern ideal, is the betterment of the city in its public aspect, and that this ideal is not to be expressed by grandiose public office buildings, but by better streets, better parks, more open spaces, more presentable and generous schools and libraries, and a larger share than the people now possess in the enjoyment of those attributes of the so-called civilized life which are classed under the heading of the fine arts.

In other words it were not enough that the multitude contribute their tax and labors for the creation of sumptuous quarters for the town official, and monuments to governmental ideal: but they would have a taste of beauty themselves — even if it were come of charity and at the hands of captains of industry.



(CONTINUED)

SCENE — *Our back yard.*

Every head was craned anxiously and the horror of dreadful expectancy pictured itself on every visage as the Old Rat gasped and spluttered. But the expected did not happen; he of the gray coat came to his feet and voice, and any one with half an eye to mind reading, or with experience of his tribe could have seen just the suspicion of insincerity in the old fellow's mien.

OLD RAT — "Friends, as I approach the period of dissolution, a time I feel so near, that my tongue would cleave to my mouth if I utter, aye, even if I thought the false. Maybe I have entered others' granaries, but friends you know starvation is a hard task master and morality yields a point in favor of the sorely distressed. If all of God's starved people who stole a loaf were condemned to suffer in addition, charity would blush. I have traveled and suffered much. My family is an old one and I come as you know from India. I came to seek the joys of free

and equal birth, to see the land of the brave and where freedom is let loose, to taste the pleasures of man's inalienable rights untyranized, but what have I gained."

VOICE — "Immunity from the bubonic plague."

OLD RAT — "Sir, you mock at a poor old rat; one who may have sinned in the light of your high moral standard; which discovers you a mocker in the presence of dissolution and age *(he sways weakly and drops a tear).* Still I suppose I should suffer even in confession — even as I rest here in the desire to assist you in moralizing your environments. Murder! 'twere a dastardly thing to poison me and let me linger thusly — without sympathy, *(composing himself).* Organize friends, guard your rights to a free disposition of the earth's goods."

VOICE — "One moment." Every flower and beast turned in the direction of the speaker and each recognized in his way that it came from the throat of Pussy of The Valley.

PUSSY — *(continuing unfluttered as she sat on her tail)* — "Wary, ladies and gentlemen. It were always a bad move to associate in confidence in any business with those whose interests dictate enmity to yours. In union there is strength — sometimes there rests in

alliances the power to do frightful wrongs. Platitudes, my dear assemblage, covers a multitude of sins. Be wary, dears, that you entertain no one-sided contract," and with this Pussy lightly tread on the Poppies, over to the front porch.

OLD RAT — "'Twer ever thus. My honest plans go astray, and I am thrown out of ship or house to feed in the gutter all because some folks don't understand. But you will presently. Yesterday you believed yourself content and looked upon men as a quarrelsome lot. To-day you know that there is division of opinion even among us. Take that cat, a sleek individual, petted and dined by your greatest enemies — man — the very picture of an idle, worthless existence. And worse, she brings a brood of her own kind into the world to inherit her luxurious existence."

VOICE — "No nature faking, besides you're sailing too close to immorality in opposing large families."

OLD MAID BEE — "My dears, don't get argumentative now."

CHORUS — "Look out! there's Billy the Pup!"

The OLD RAT scampers and the congregation breaks up in confusion amidst the yelps of Billy. But as I

stepped across the lawn I noticed a small gathering around an ant heap, and desiring to know a little more of the effect of the convention just broken up, on the small peoples of our private domain, I stooped to listen and was rewarded :—

VOICE — "It would seem that our country is ready for most any disturbance when we consider how ably the trying situation, confronting the country since the twenty-fifth of October last, has been handled. No money anywhere ; New York shipped all she had and imported one hundred millions from Europe, and the United States Treasury increased the deposits in banks. But immediately needed help came from the united operations of the banks through the clearing house institutions, by issuing — variously estimated — some one thousand millions in clearing house certificates. These circulated freely, and as confidence returned the certificates disappeared ; and we stand now with a money congested market. The United States Treasury, assisted by the banks, will retire some forty millions and gold will return to the continent.

" What legislation could be sweeping enough to pro-

vide amply for such emergencies, or could have provided better. The country is too large for a central bank and a series of banks can not be controlled. It is required, as shown, that all our banks act concertedly at such moments. Two finance bills are now before Congress: one based on an, already recognized, illy advised land secured currency, which has no elasticity. The other is formed on a credit system such as is known abroad, but so foreign to the ideas of the legislators that it is doubtful if it shapes itself into an acceptable bill to Congress.

"Strange to relate Mr. Roosevelt, as President of the United States, proclaimed as benefactors of the country the same people whom but a short time before he had, in his speeches, condemned as wicked accumulators of wealth. And quite in contrast to this turbulency there has followed an expression of opinion by ex-President Cleveland, in a letter to the National Democratic Club Union, stating that "the country needs conservatism, recuperation from nervous prostration, reinstatement of constitutional observance, buoyant, but none the less safe and prudent Americanism, scrupulous care of every person and every interest entitled to care, an equal deal that

means exact and honest equity before the law, and constitutionally guaranteed."

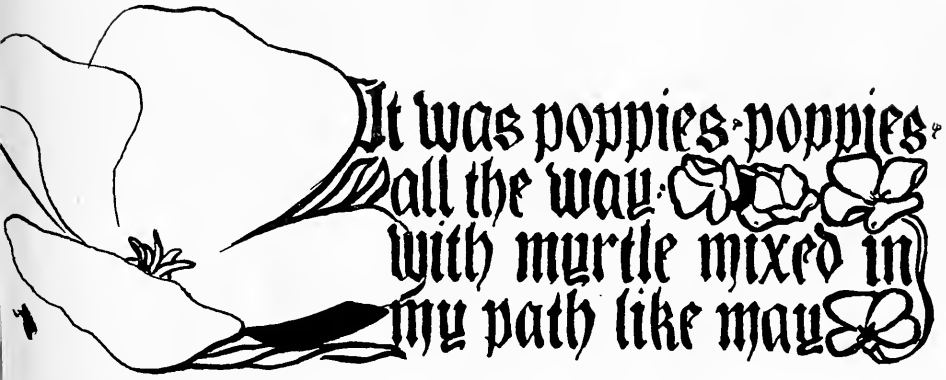
ANOTHER VOICE — "But the wealth of these accumulators belong to the people. It is wicked to acquire more than one needs."

FIRST VOICE — "Yes, perhaps, but be a little more rational in your point of view. Make a little distinction between those who gather and hoard and those who gather and return to the people. Harbor your prejudices against Messrs. Rockefeller, Carnegie and others, if you must. But when their wealth is transferred back to the people in public gifts their real or theoretical commercial immoralities cease to have weight. The enormous sum of one hundred and forty millions was given in one year. And John D. Rockefeller gave forty-four and one-half millions, including thirty-two millions given to the general Board of Education. Carnegie has given thirteen millions and Mrs. Russell Sage thirteen millions, a portion of which went to general distribution in November, 1907, during the crisis, We have had enough of the tainted money fad. The wickedness of refusing bequests, which you say at one moment belong to the people and still decline in the name of the people, will eventually show

you in double-dyed wickedness. And, by the way, which is the worst enemy to the country: the man who crowds his money in a safe deposit box at a critical financial moment, or the one who swings huge industrial trusts?"

THE ANT — "There's a conundrum for you."

THE BEE — "Lands, ever since this agitation began I can't get a drop of honey out of that Rose Bud."



Telegraph Hill or Nob Hill



LL our sympathies go out to the Committee of the Supervisors which is grappling with the problems involved in the bond issue. Special interests, insistent as ever, confuse general ones; and as in the case of the proposed preservation of Telegraph Hill, before the fire, special interests threaten to defeat all good intentions. So we take the same position in regard to all projects for the betterment of the city as we did in regard to the Telegraph Hill project, and advise that all parties actively interested in the city should concentrate on those schemes, which are for the larger welfare of San Francisco. And in doing so are ready to declare in favor of the preservation and development of Nob Hill rather than for Telegraph Hill. Truly speaking, the latter is only a side issue in comparison with the other, as well as one of sentiment rather than of positive artistic or practical value to the people. Time rings in its changes and it is well for us to adapt ourselves to new conditions. Therefore we shift our interest from one hill to another.



Canton Bazaar

Sang Chung Lung Company, Prop.

Furniture

Embroideries

Silk Goods, Teas

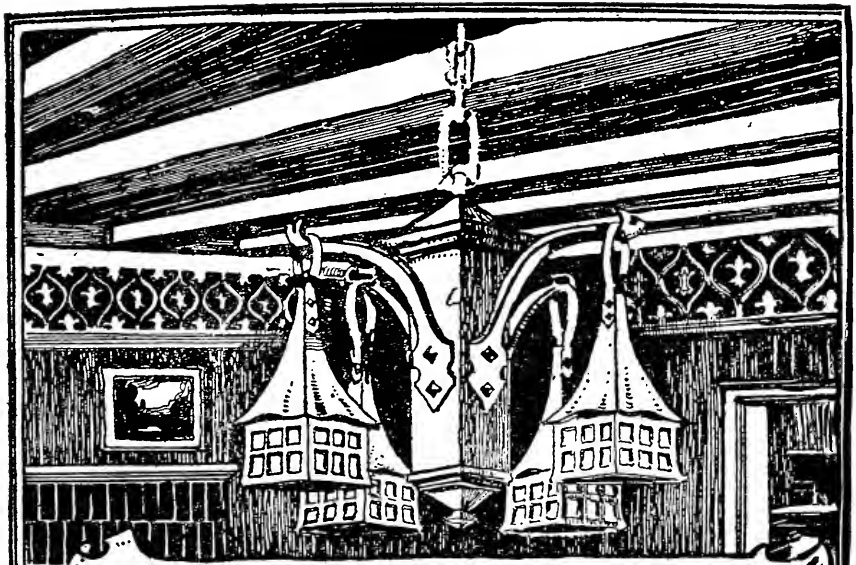
Lacquered and Enameled Ware

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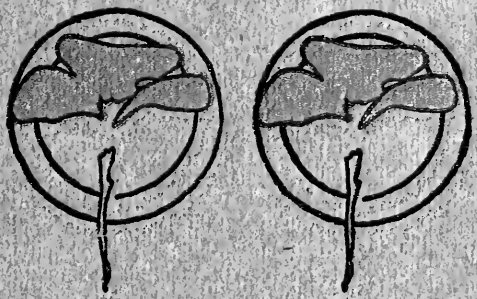
Between Polk Street and Van Ness Avenue — Telephone Emergency 342



Vol. Two. No. 5. March 25, 1908 Price Ten Cents

Philopolis

Published
for those
who care.
1717 California St.. San Francisco.



Philopolis

Vol. II MARCH 25, 1908 No. 6

A Monthly Magazine published at
1717 California St., San Francisco,
California, for those who care

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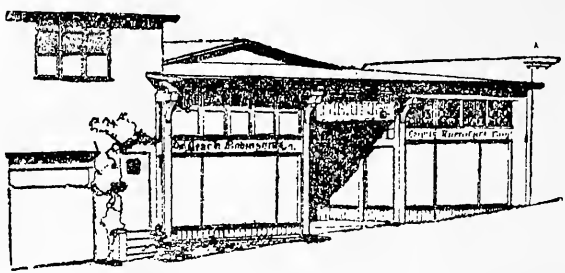
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ASH CAN

Philopolis



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1717 California Street - San Francisco

CARPETS Draperies

The Beach - Robinson Company

"Something is rotten in the state of Denmark."

"*Hamlet*"— SHAKESPEARE



CHILDREN OF CHARLES I
OF ENGLAND
ANTHONY VAN DYCK



Between Two Heights

BY ARTHUR F. MATHEWS

NO one may pass through the desolate section of the burnt district, which lies on the southern slope of California Street Hill and which would seem to have no power of recuperation, without feeling in some measure its depressing influence on the City of San Francisco. The song of the plight of poor property holders still sounds in our vacuum, and yet so far, none have heard of any very energetic or philantrophic move towards alleviating such distressing conditions. These forty and odd blocks of land lie there as if the citizen were not aware that they represent just so

much idle unproductive capital, as if the whole problem of their resurrection as active principles in our civic life were one affecting individuals only, and that while every business man and woman may regret the chilling presence of such solitude and neglect, it were one truly of no vital interest, except as a matter of sentiment, to the municipality and its government. And what of active principle there is among us in philantrophy and sentiment appears to have gone astray over to Twin Peaks and the Potrero. Verily the citizen of San Francisco seems to have missed his grasp on the handle of the dipper and stands a chance of spilling the contents of the treasury into the bay.

Now we have been told from time immemorial that the reason none of the street alterations proposed in San Francisco would ever occur was, that the city government is not autocratic enough, that we would have to possess a dictator before such things could be, that special interests were too strong, and that our government would not dare oppose special interests so long as special interests dictated no street changes. This may be right, but suppose special interests dictates that there shall be alterations? And then have we not an autocratic

city government? Suppose for instance that the property holders of the south slope of California Street Hill should wake up to their pitiable situation, and all of them from Polk to Mason, and from O'Farrell to Pine, were to get alive to the reason of their sidetracking in the great play of rebuilding. Forty odd blocks of desolated, handicapped and abused lands must of necessity in time develop a multitude of special interests, and when a multitude of special interests move as a body, impediments are crushed like glass. And the present building and fire ordinances as tinkered on and passed by our late incapacitated Board of Supervisors bears heavily on the property we have in review. It is not that holders there may not build more cheaply, but because other districts, even to the possible gate posts of this section of the city, may build solid blocks of four and five storied buildings which would disgrace the haunts of the devil's red winged minions. It is a grievous handicap special interests have piled upon one section of the city; but when the other interests of the town line up in realization of the folly and crime of it, perhaps no district may be allowed to build out of reason and in viciousness. For any city to allow its

holders of real estate to build frame buildings which cover more than sixty per cent of their holdings, or to wink at wooden tenement house or hotel of a height of over thirty feet is to invite disaster. But some fine bracing morning, the land holders on the southern slope of Nob Hill may awake to the situation and know the powers of special interests; and then, if they take hold aright, these lands we fly through today as if they were of the damned will bloom again as no other spot in San Francisco ever bloomed. They will not scatter their poppy seeds over Twin Peaks, nor shall they spill their sentiments over the Potrero, but will leave these, as they have been left, to care for themselves.

As we have said before, Nob Hill is a natural barrier to free circulation between the old business quarters of the City and the Mission and the Western Addition. The peculiarly dull arrangement of streets around its base and to its top is an artificial extension of the barrier; so the commercial and financial centers have moved southward to escape the difficulty — which is not saying that the railroads south of Market were not a party in the game. And as a consequence the high class retail trade was shoved westerly between our chief thoroughfare



THE HEART OF THE CITY, FROM CALIFORNIA STREET HILL

and Sutter. Eventually, as a matter of course, this last will spread over to the "south of the slot" quite as the banks have spread, and we will no longer hear the south Market spoken with a slight touch of contempt. While it may not be generally known, the slope of Nob Hill on the south and the valley below, now desolate, is a very pleasant abiding place, warm and fairly well protected from the west winds by the sheltering hills: it lays open to the sunshine all the day, and is fertile and solid in foundation withal. By some strange freak of our city, designers, as if from the beginning there was a conspiracy abroad to detract from its beauties and worthiness, all this wide and long stretch of lovely slope and hill top was given no parks or play ground, and yet nature intended that it should teem with a city's population.

I have sat by the hour in a south room of the ill-fated Hopkins' House, warmed by the late afternoon sun, and watched the fog bank fleet across to city and fall like golden shower over the down town buildings and sink into the deep blues of the streets only to be caught up by flickering night lights. At such times as these Twin Peaks knew neither heights nor depths, but sprang upward and plunged downward to the nothingness of

filmy grays. In the morning the Mission Bay glittered like steel, showing black depths in ships and high structures. The days were never done with ringing in the changes on the scene. But now, the color is there and the mystery, I suppose; still its a pity that desolation reigns where flowers should bloom and children play—and all this too, because of an error persisted in, in the design of the City of San Francisco.

Naturally, the first things looked for in the City Beautiful Plan, after such experiences, were a broad park on California Street Hill, a well graded road or two as convenient reaches to its top, and a broad avenue sweeping around its base.

The toiling teams and men laboring over dreadful grades or making wide detours to avoid these, may be seen from this position, so why should there not have been a better way of going to and fro from the Western Addition or Hayes Valley on the City Beautiful Map. But none of these wise things were on the Plan. California Street Hill, omnipotent, the very key to the beauty of San Francisco, was alone untouched, save for one poor little road that did not quite reach its heights. 'Twas a compliment indeed. Have you ever studied the City

Beautiful Plans from Nob Hill. If you have not you will never quite understand certain objections to them. Nob Hill in reality is a far better point of vantage for the observation of the City than Twin Peaks. Van Ness Avenue and Market Street form an acute angle from this position and points directly away from the heart of the city, while from Twin Peaks they appear to approach each other gently as if they were to come at last, to some purpose, in a radiant civic centerpiece of architectural glories: but as a matter of course nothing of this sort happens, nor is it likely. In truth our two great avenues are errors of conception, and have led more than one city designer into the sloughs of amateurish conceptions of things and the arts. And while our editors in the daily press may believe either of sufficient breadth for any use or abuse, the people at large are gradually awakening to the realities. They are weary of Van Ness Avenue as a retail center, and none can fail to see that in the race for rebuilding, Market Street has petered out at Golden Gate Avenue, and that building operations show strong along the line of Eddy. In other words, as you may see any day from the crest of Nob Hill, the city struggles to join itself again on the north of Market

Street by a thin thread of hotels and apartment houses which very plainly mark the most feasible road between the business district and Hayes Valley and the Western Addition ; and that Hayes and Haight Street hills act like a great wedge, driving traffic to the north and to the south of our new library site at Hayes and Van Ness.

In a choice between Twin Peaks and Hayes Valley for a library location I would select the latter as the more convenient of the two. Put to a choice between Hayes Valley and California Street Hill, I would jump at California Street Hill as much nearer town and far pleasant. If required to select either Union Square or the Hill, I would certainly catch at the Square as far the most agreeable to people in general. But as there is always a question far more vital than that of mere convenience in the location of a great institution such as a public library — the question of safe-guarding it from fire and idlers, and fiction readers — California Street Hill is our choice. As a matter of course the location of a library on the Hill includes a properly graded road to its summit. We should also remember that California Street Hill has, or soon will have, one of the best, if not the best, car services in the city. Fortunately I am just humanitarian

enough not to place libraries, or twist the map of San Francisco from the point of view of either Berkeley or Twin Peaks.

I fear me that the average San Franciscan is either facetious or minus a knowledge of Nob Hill's position on the map, or lacks proper appreciation of the same as a stretegic ground of operations, "civil or military".

When the dictator of the city comes, he shall surely place his palace there on its southern slope. At his back and on either flank, parks shall reach out, that he may catch the first glimpse of the rising sun and bid adieu to him when he sinks in the western ocean. The city's precious possession shall be housed in the museum and the library, planted within full view of either the loiterer in the garden or the toiler in the streets below. The dictator thusly placed, and face to face with the great centers of activities, Fourth and Market Streets and Geary and Taylor Streets will be in touch with the storming point of the city's business and the player's haven. At his very feet our new avenue shall run its course, springing as it should at the water front by Commercial and East Streets, turning at Montgomery, and with a full swing around the hill to Taylor and

Geary Streets, where two great branches shall reach forth — one making straight for Golden Gate and Van Ness Avenues, and the other continuing the swing to Pacific and Van Ness Avenues.

Napoleon could not have wished for fairer vistas, nor a fairer place to abide in. And the indomitable Baron Haussmann would find no site for a city more responsive to the touch of the master builder. However let us not be cast down for our own weaknesses of the imagination nor for the poverty of conception of our predecessors in city building. Paris herself was not born in the morning, like a mushroom after a rain, but came slowly out of its slovenly mediæval swaddling clothes. Prince, artist and engineer had planned and dreamed and planned again long before the advent of Prince Napoleon and the man whom destiny had chosen to finally tear out the illy ordered French capital. So, even we too may live in hopes that the day shall come that our citizen may know that no city can hope to retain even commercial supremacy unless it is domineered by a true democratic intelligence. Trade is a fair exchange and no robbery or jobbery. City and country form a compact for mutual benefit, and where the city lives stolidly in neglect; and

where in a town special interests destroy the opportunities of beauty, there you shall ultimately find trade languishing. Mind, a city is at once a playground and a workshop, and the hot bed of intellectual life. Where any one of these is missed, there you shall finally discover desolation, poverty and contagion.

The great conflagration of April, 1906, left us open to the loss of all of the first, and almost defenceless against the entrance of the latter, therefore our citizen, having replaced, in a manner, the more immediate necessities, it were well now that he should plan wisely for the restoration of the rest — all those things which gave San Francisco its pre-eminency before the fire. And more, to merely restore the city on its old lines is not enough, for as every merchant knows: good goods sell better in a cleanly market and when done up in pleasant packages than when offered in bulk in the midst of confusion. 'Tis a poor market that has bad approaches, and it is a wretched caterer who spoils a banquet by bad service.

A gracious entrance to San Francisco, and sheltered resting places, and convenient avenues of access to its various districts are worth more to commercial San Francisco than a warehouse full of merchandise.

Philopolis

VOL. II MARCH 25, 1908 No. 6



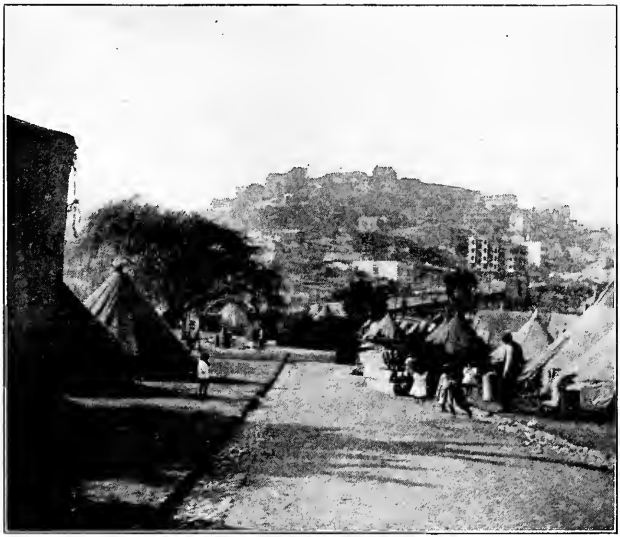


EYOND the peradventure of a doubt the most demoralizing influence exhibited by the modern city is its advertising fence poster. Not that we seriously object to the ladies, dressed or half dressed, who appear in perpetual bloom in many-colored discordances and bad form on such things. No, not this, but rather for the reason that they contort the vision and warp the mind of the public. And then again there is the grave danger they threaten the children. Imagine childhood, habituated to such forms and colors and evils, and grown to manhood or womanhood with these things stamped into their beings by the constant contact of the fence poster. Such is the

influence of associations that we may well believe that it is an eventuality that all city folk are to grimmace and mince and bedaub themselves like their advertisements. Even now the walls sacred to the memory of the "Annual Artists' Exhibits" are occupied by paste pot and scissors designs for the debauchery of the infants, while the old, seriously discuss the cut and jib of them, as if one were any worse than the other.

True, artists like Mucha and Steinlan have made designs for posters, but none of these, that I am aware ever submitted such designs or themselves to the courtesy of bill board connoiseurs. We have always held the opinion that the public "Art Competition" is an immoral desire to get something for nothing and have always so advised the art student. Consequently a public competition for a fence poster would appear to us in the beginning very like an artistic failure with a disgraceful climax in which common courtesy would go a glimmering.

Artists may be children, but there is a form of infantile amusement, too infantile for them, regardless of the amount of amusement they get out of certain would be artistic authorities who are ever striving to make a



TELEGRAPH HILL HAS TWO PARKS

public showing. However, I digress a little, or rather, specialize too closely, Advertising is an art, but there are few who know and practice the art without giving more offence than they win trade. Still there are those who are attracted by a postered and daubed commercial house, or other institution, and so long as this class exists one may suppose that the city will be infested with these wretched exhibits of human depravity. But it has been left for a Los Angeles judge to hand down a decision that no American city may pass ordinances restricting the operations of civic defacers. We have an ordinance in San Francisco which prohibits the advertising fence of over ten feet in height, and passed on the grounds that all over this height were a menace to life and limb: but our government appears to be quite ignorant of its existence on the statute books. Our Board of Public Works and the Police Department seem equally blind, for they never see the wretched condition of either sidewalk or street. By the way, perhaps both these departments have lost themselves among the rifts and fence posters. But we have again drifted away from the subject.

Every shop keeper on Van Ness Avenue, as you may

see any time of day, strives to beat his neighbor in the number and extent of his shop sign boards. Every man there appears to think that the high class nature of the street is better advertised by a hideous row of signs on stilts ; and each vies with the rest in reaching for what may not be. It is sad indeed to watch the decadence of both Van Ness Avenue and Fillmore Street. They have served their purposes, but there comes a time when purposes decline.

We have gloried in the courage of San Francisco merchants in times of stress, but — get down town. And when you get there, for the sake of prosperity and propriety, don't plaster your business houses with more signs than a sufficiency. We poor would be buyers get confused in these multitudinous advertisements, and eventually see more of them.

Again I specialize :

We were speaking of the wall and fence poster. In the beginning of the new era, or immediately after the fire, the ruins of San Francisco had a grim beauty quite as fascinating as the beauty of the tiger ; but now every ruined wall or slope or terrace bears some hideous design of the advertiser. It is only here and there that

the defacer of the city has held his hand, or that the owner of a lot has built a dainty picket fence around his former house plot. It is as if we moderns had not as yet risen to anything but olefactory nuisances; that our moral sense had not as yet grasped the immorality of breeding pestilential eye sores, and that we of San Francisco had concentrated all our energies in exterminating rats, when it is not the rat nor the bubonic plague which threatens to exterminate ourselves. Ah! no, friends, 'tis not these which promise our undoing, but the fence poster. Its baneful influence is on the city. Its insidious lesson of defacement and defilement and untidiness is sinking into our very souls; so we sweep the litter of shop and household into the street, the policeman overlooks the hole in the sidewalk, of rich and poor property holders alike, and the inspector of the Board of Public Works fails to note that contractors occupy more than a third of a street.

Aye, and I say unto you, the fence poster gapes and blinks and stares and grins ever at us while we wait on incapacity and dilatoriness, and on high license and clean sports. Verily we wait and in the waiting wait on nothing but the fence advertisements of the late election.



(CONTINUED)

The wind blew and the rain came down in torrents, ruthlessly knocking the petals off the poppies. and driving the bees to the shelter of the hives, where they could no longer hear the weeping flowers, Everything became deserted and lifeless to the Mole, as he reluctantly came out of his hiding place, awakened as much by the ominous silence of his neighbors as by the deluge, from his sleep. Looking around slowly and blinking his eye, he remarked rather sleepily: "I think I see the cause of this curious mixture of silence and noise. There has been a squall. Ah! this has been a hard winter and food so scarce and high."

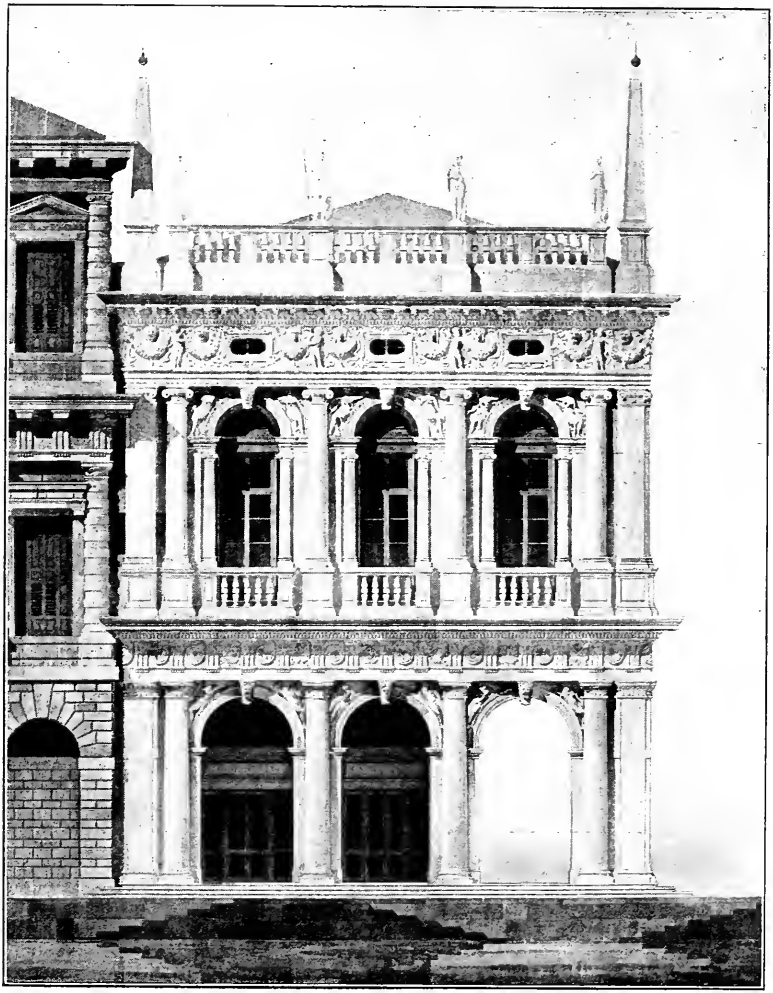
Sing a song of sixpence, a pocket full of cash,
Four and forty blacklegs chopped in a hash;
When the dish was eaten the knaves began to cry:
What a dreadful mess to put us all awry,

The Boss was in his counting house, counting out the money,
The Rat was in the pantry eating bread and honey;
But, the Maid was in the laundry taking spots from clothes,
When in came the poison man with ten turned in toes.

CHORUS. — With ten turned in toes
And ready money in times of astringent cash.

As the refrain echoed through the valley every bug and beast stuck his head out of doors and looked askant. "Oh! it's nothing," chirped a Poppy. "Only the Rat's full again. Neither rain nor hail, blistering sun nor hell fires such as we have seen keeps them at home or out of the street. Look at that beast now, he's full to the jowl."

"Jowl! what's a jowl?" quoth the Rodent, remarked by the Belle of The Yard. "I have had turkey sandwiches, apples and cheese, and a boiled egg, but jowls, never! We were just on the point of taking to licking the paste off the walks where the advertising man dropped it, when lo and behold! manna from the skies, or was it from a tramp. To be exactly true, it did come from a beggar. You know, mistress has a charitable heart for everybody but we'uns — so we watched our chance. Yes: they all throw solids away, tramps only



LIBRARY BUILDING OF ST. MARK'S, VENICE

take coffee. Their capacity for coffee is marvelous, but we *(striking an attitude)* are like

Humpty Dumpty who sat on a wall,
When he, Humpty Dumpty, ate a fish ball!"





Canton Bazaar

Sang Chung Lung Company, Prop.

Furniture

Embroideries

Silk Goods, Teas

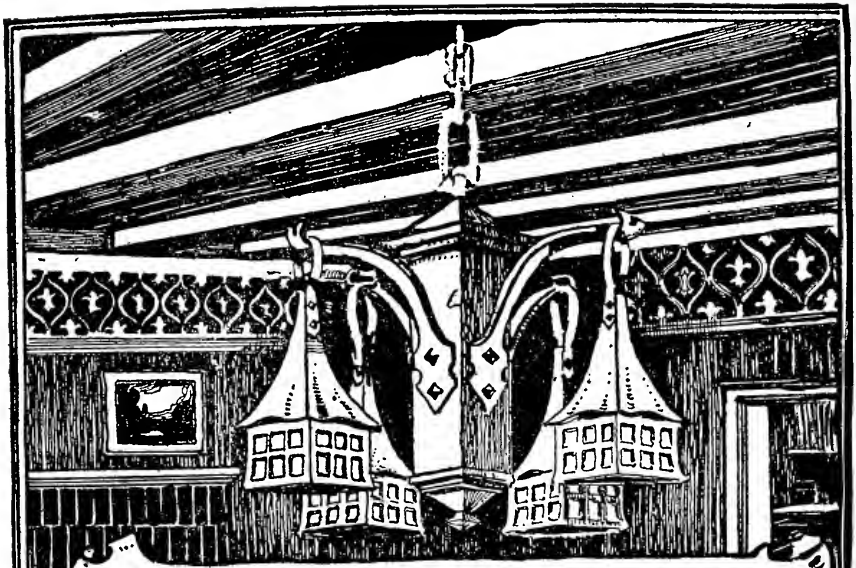
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Original Designs of Ladies' Costumes from Paris

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Podesta & Baldocchi

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1206 Sutter Street — San Francisco

Between Polk Street and Van Ness Avenue — Telephone Emergency 342

San Francisco Two Years After

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Sunset Magazine

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This is followed by 32 full page *Pictures in Colors*, showing Banks, Business Blocks, Hotels, Etc., already completed or in course of construction

Also the first installment of the Serial Story

LIN McLEAN. A stirring story of Western Life

OWEN WISTER, Author of "The Virginian"

SEND IT TO YOUR EASTERN FRIENDS

Price Fifteen Cents. Postage Four Cents

Philopolis

Vol. II APRIL 25, 1908 No. 7

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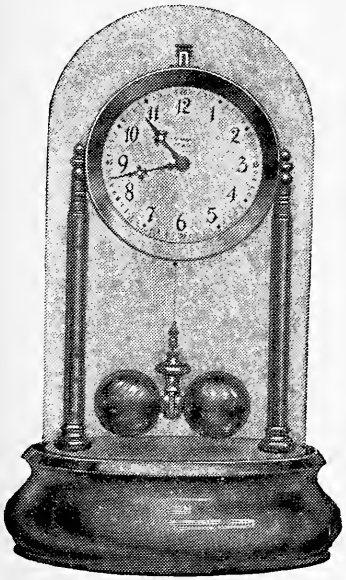
Van Ness Avenue and
Sacramento Street

San Francisco

Stationery Watches

Prompt and Efficient Mail Order Service
"Suggestion Book" Mailed on Request

The Clock of the Future



Tiffany
Electrical Clock

No Spring No Weights
No Cleaning No Oiling

Simplicity is its Feature

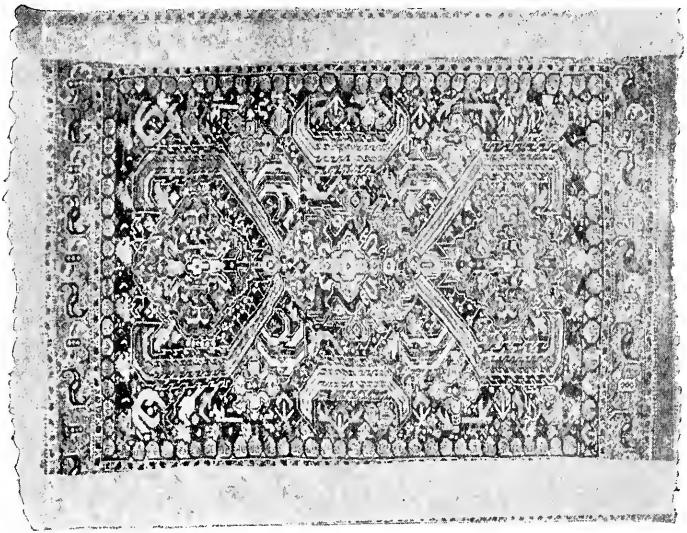
Batteries guaranteed for one year, can be adjusted by anyone; you do not need a clockmaker. The one illustrated is finished in gold, with glass dome — value

$25.00

We have the largest line of Clocks in the city
It includes every style made

Nathan-Dohrmann Co. 1520-1550 Van Ness Ave.

Furniture Shop



RUGS

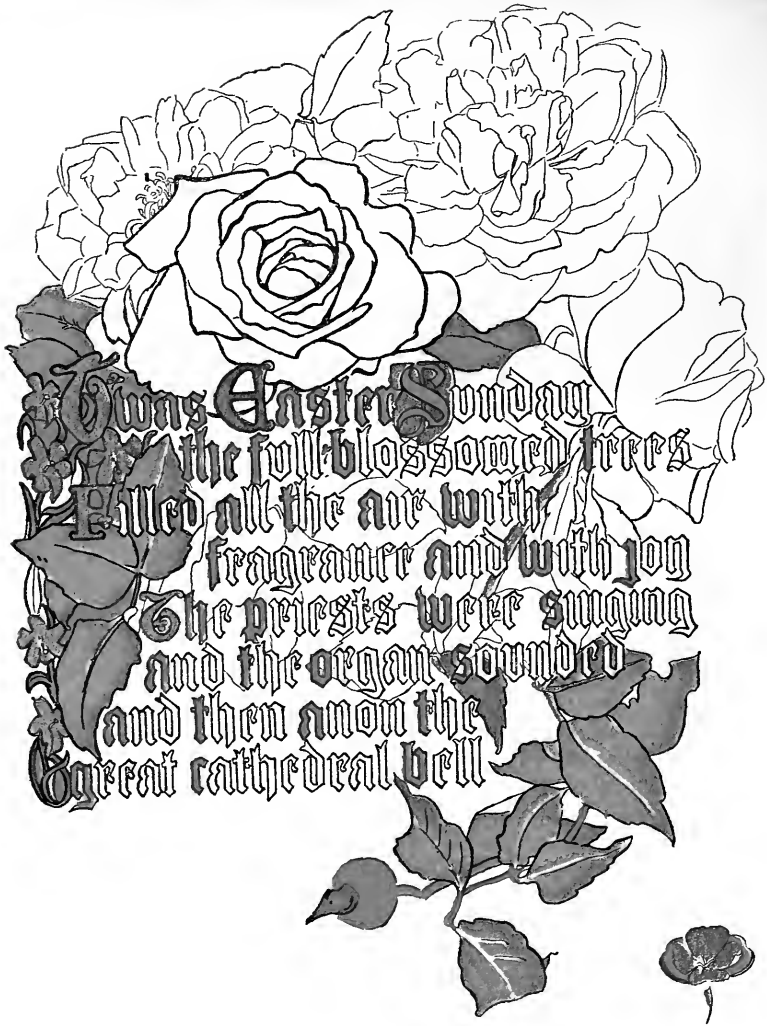
CARPETS Draperies

1717 California Street - San Francisco

The Beach - Robinson Company

For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,

"*Hamlet*"— SHAKESPEARE


'Twas Easter Sunday
the full-blossomed trees
Filled all the air with
fragrance and with joy
The priests were singing
and the organ sounded
and then anon the
Great cathedral bell



Infra Nubem

BY ALEXANDER MCADIE.

COWLED and penitent like a friar of orders gray, the City kneels in summer afternoons upon the lower steps of the altar hills. Beneath the cassock of fog — a loosely woven serge — are hopes, prayers, truth and gentleness. But also under that robe of gray, lurk cunning, greed, pride and pretense. Like the merciful mantle of charity the fog covers our many sins. We who love the City, know that the gray

covering stretched overhead while it dims the brightness of the sun, is at once our richest asset and our greatest blessing.

Would you know something of this mantle, then climb the hills; for the city *infra nubem*, — below the fog —



is also a city set upon hills. From some of the upper slopes study this wondrously wrought fabric. Seen from above, it is no longer gray and forbidding, but white as driven snow; a coverlet that throws back into sunlit skies the genial warmth of summer days. Watch it come

into being far beyond the Heads. The very soul of the sea, it rises like a spirit from the breast of waters. Through the broad Gate in a full-flowing tide, it veils the water and the land. Seen from below, a level sweep and monotone of drab; seen from above, a ruffled sea of light and shade, a billowing cradle for the imperious winds. Inland it spreads and spreading, rarer grows, a thin gray line, to die at last — if but the eye could see — upon the burnished wheatfields of the San Joaquin.

And the Sun as it stands a moment on the water's rim, ere yet it bids our western coast "Good Night," sees not a cowled and sad-robed penitent; but a fair City with a silk white scarf loosely waving and far flung. Lover of the City, is there no lesson in this two-fold aspect of the fog? Seen in the humdrum sweep of daily life, in the rush and routine of the business day, your fellow citizens are sombre hued and unattractive. Seen from a higher vantage ground, fling they not back the genial warmth of their humanity, the sunlight of their truer selves?

And when the page of History shall be turned, and all sad monotones of self dimmed in the sweep of Time, the summed-up efforts of our hands will shine resplen-

dent to those who view us from afar. Then may the historian of our time and place write the judgment:

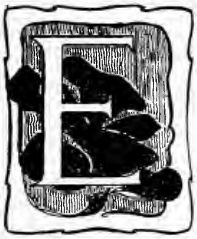
"They wrought well, who all unknown and in their several ways, built this fair City, round whose bright breast is wreathed a glorious scarf of love with golden threads of light, truth and justice intertwined."



Philopolis

VOL. II APRIL 25, 1908 No. 7





MPIRIC forms of criticism, that class which justifies its existence and occupation on the general ground that science, skill or art is essentially confining and full of the prejudice of kind, and that people in general are woefully lacking in perception, and that in view of these two very distressing states or conditions of mind there is the necessity of a third party who shall act at once as interpreter, educator and supreme judge of the arts, has never learned its own principles.

Literature is saturated with the follies of empiric criticism; not because writers are singularly addicted to its vices, but from the fact that as a species of artistry empirical criticism could not very well adopt any

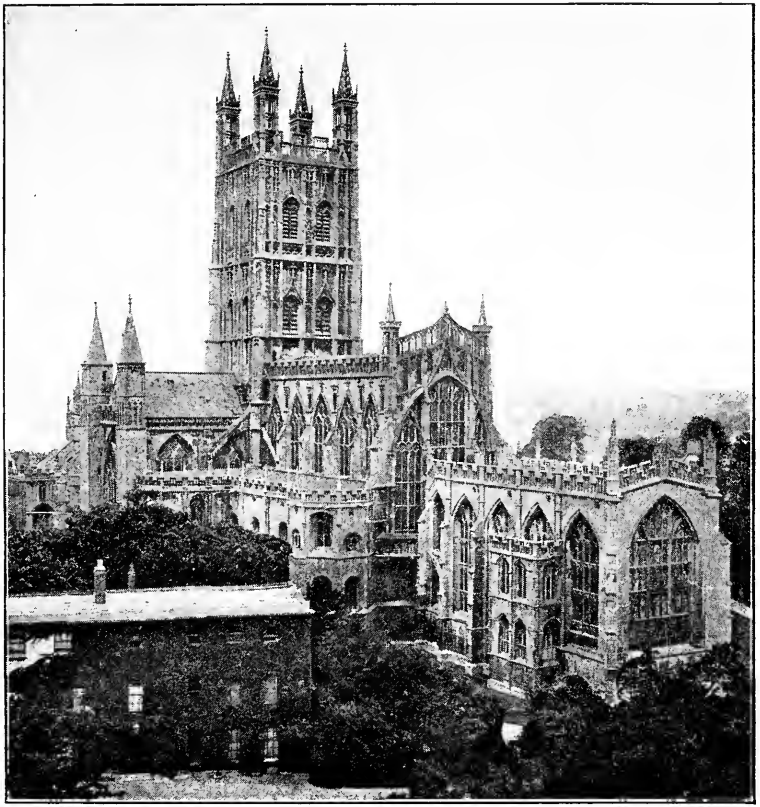
other means of expression. So we find in literature all the prejudice of kind and the confining influence of skill, science or art. Strange, is it not, that our writers have never discovered the back action of their own hypothesis. Now don't believe for a moment that the analytic mind unsupported by creative instincts is a justly critical one, for as said: "Analysis and synthesis though commonly treated as two different methods are, if properly understood, only the two necessary parts of the same method. Each is the relative and co-relative of the other." The artist proceeds by analysis to discover general principles, and in their discovery re-creates — in the light of science, and his own prejudices if you will. Modern realism in the arts, and the peculiar criticism it has fostered, are essentially empiricism. Their processes are not truly analytic or synthetic. Still we are to acknowledge that modern realism has been a thorough antidote for the distilled and instilled poison matter of the academy. However, all these phases of human activity are happily gone before, and we find the latter day realist and critic reasonably companionable and receptive. Still one must acknowledge that there is a grievous hole in the joys of living since the watch dogs of these

two cults ceased to bark and bite at one another. And the only recompense we see for us is the benign privilege of saying something in a general or a specific way without being taken too seriously. Now every artist goes through his natural, his academic and his realistic periods in search of self, or rather, in search of a means of expressing self. And considering the nature of the modern school of art, or art school, 'tis passing strange that every one of them don't become anarchistic in the full bloom of their power.

The modern art school rarely makes even the pretence of teaching principles. A sense of form or color is treated in the art class room as temperamental, governed by no law other than self will, and as a rule the student is left to worry out his school studies undisciplined either in mind or habits of hand. This is a custom which is a direct heritage from the old style, irresponsible criticism, and for an instructor or faculty to go counter to it, means that he or it is inviting the stigma of academician. Consequently artists, after a vain struggle to alter the course of the senselessly, ceaselessly reiterated and unhappily conceived art school study, give up in despair. In truth every community has become so thor-

ough!y infected by the injections of the rankest charlatanism in the arts that they lay wide open to almost any species of experiment. Don't misinterpret, or anticipate the conclusion. Better by far a wide open artistic and impressionable town than one dominated by aggressive conservatism. Better by far that mankind should have the privilege of swallowing their own drugs and prejudices than that they shall be forced by some inquisitorial body to swallow whether they will or will not. The iconoclast is a better citizen than the high priest of the golden calf, and the anarchist often is a milder man than the conservative — regardless of your prejudices to the contrary.

The practice of the business of the fine arts is very like the practice of the business of the more common ones of commerce, finance and shoemaking. A man needs space and a reasonably receptive audience, or market. In the heyday of youthful professional experience I wrote a paper on the art of criticism which virtually insisted upon a free, a more generous, a more honest criticism in the arts than the one then in vogue. As might have been anticipated the paper was twisted to an opposite point of view and, quite against my inclinations

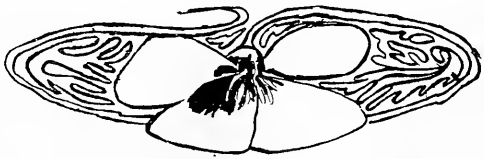


GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL
Examples of English Gothic Cathedrals

and convictions and protestations, my opponents endeavors to compel me to say that I really meant to insinuate that artists only should practice the art of criticism. Heaven forbid that I shall ever be placed in so sad a predicament or accused of such undemocratic principles. It is the divine right of all men to criticise their fellows, Criticism itself may not claim immunity from criticism. And if all criticism rejected the attitude of conclusiveness, was inquiring rather than dictatorial, the public at large would be all the better for the experience, which reminds me of a classic story :

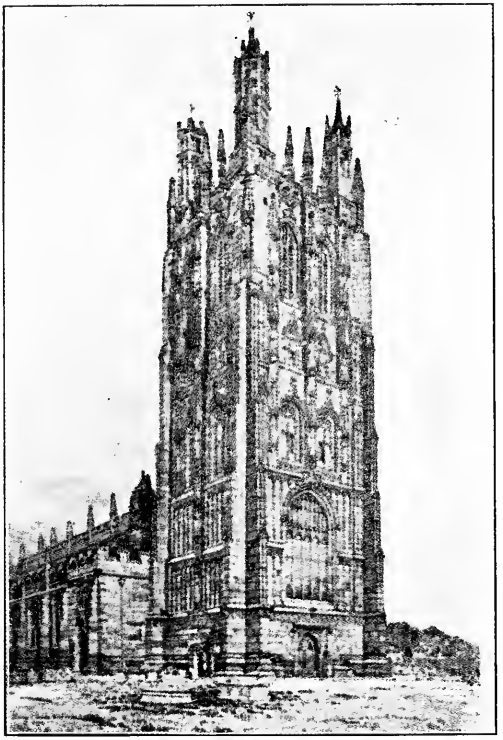
In ancient times there lived a king called Midas, who was famous for his wonderful rose gardens. He appears at this distance to have been the butt of the practical jokers of his time. King Midas was rich, but in his riches he grew avaricious — no, this is not the tale. It so happened that the piper Pan and Apollo engaged in a dispute as to which might be the better musician, so they called in Midas to settle the question. The King sat in state, while Pan piped and Apollo strummed his lyre, and decided that the divinity of the sheep's feet should have the laurels. Whereat Apollo in a fury struck Midas on the ear and pronounced that henceforth, for his bad

judgment in music, he should wear those of a donkey. 'Twas a mean trick on Apollo's part, still that is the way the story goes. So King Midas, knowing not what else to do, rushed to his barber to have his hair dressed in a fashion that would conceal his deformity. But, as you perhaps forsee. the tonsorial artist could not hold the secret, whereupon he hied to the field and dug a hole, and whispering into the ear of Mother Earth the dreadful news, so unburdened himself. When to his dismay, Mother Earth chuckeled and told the flowers, which doubled and trebled themselves and gurgled over to the hill, which sent the echoes far and near to carry the tale that "Midas hath asses ears, Midas hath asses ears".





ROBERT Louis Stevenson : in his description of a State of Socialism, gives one the sensation of a community where the inspector had settled, like a flight of locusts, shoving his toes into doorways and crawling over private domain regardless of the sensitiveness of woman or the rights of mankind in general. However San Francisco is not a Socialistic State, but we have inspectors. We invite the inspector into our back yards, or into our parlor for that matter, on his face value, just as we would greet any proper American citizen. Still all this is not saying that behind the inspector or within his corporate body there is a constituted authority which allows him to step over our thresholds without paying for or requesting the privilege. Now I will guarantee that not one out of the multitude of health inspectors would know the difference between a yeast microbe and the germs of the bubonic plague : or one out of a hundred building inspectors who could tell you the difference in the amount of water and grease cement



WREXHAM

Examples of English Gothic Cathedrals

and wood might absorb under average conditions. In truth the little real authority the city government has over full fledged American citizenship,, when it comes to building and health, is in grave danger of being smiled out of a common court of justice, if it should ever come to pass that either our health or our works board should be under the pain of testifying under oath just what either knows of the science of medicine or building.

We have passed the stage of the inexpert chimney inspector, and smile pleasantly at the inspector's antics on our roofs, accepted his advice and certificate and then did the real inspection ourselves. In truth we have done the inspection business mightily since the quiet times which came after the collapse of things of April, 1906.

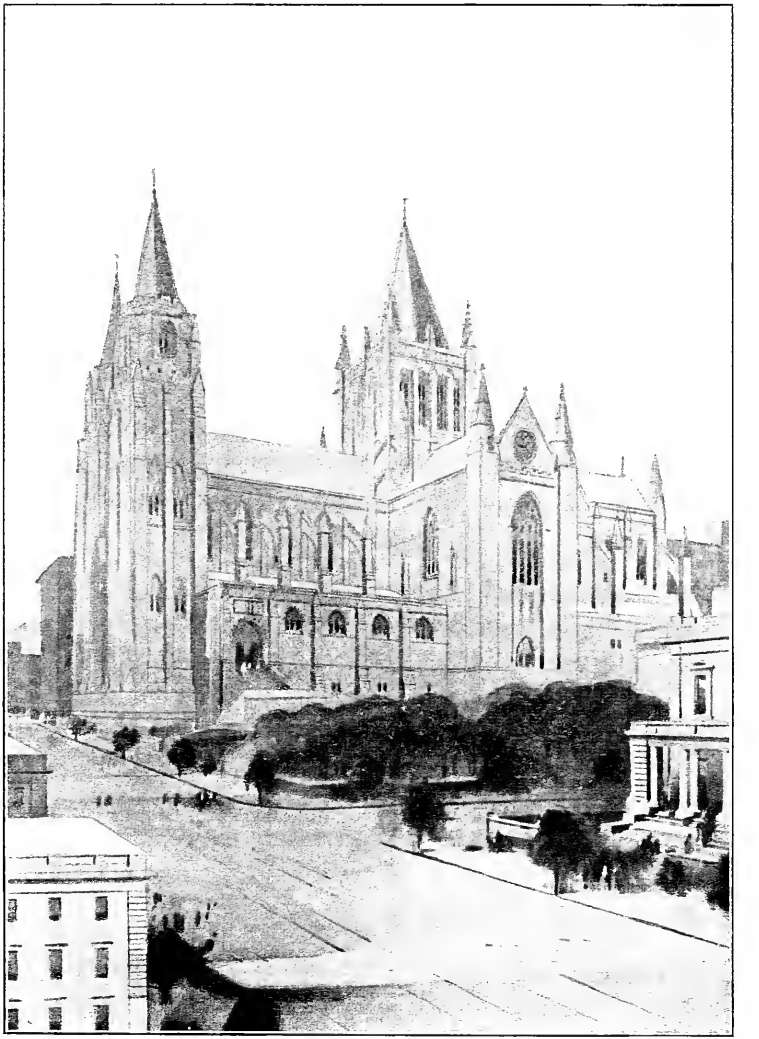
Surely, the American citizen of the City of San Francisco deserves the honor of being hailed as an adaptable creature, ready for any scrape, and easily moulded into any state or condition. He has passed safely from under the yoke of martial law ; he has escaped graft and survived anarchy, and bids fair to pass through reformation unscathed, and ready to dodge the next turn of the wheel of fortune. Not so long ago other peoples wondered, and prophesied that he could never half rebuild

the town ; and now they wonder, and prophecy that he will never be able to extricate himself — having accomplished the first act. Well, who said he wanted to ?

Not so long ago there came to our ears an idle tale that the Park Panhandle was undergoing ruin, that all the trees were being felled and the shrubbery was being destroyed because these things harbored rats, etc. We listened and speculated until one fine day we took a tour of inspection that way instead of down town. Now the writer has a suspicion that the Park management knows its business and doesn't need inspectors. The new order at the Park extension is a decided improvement, and the change has been marked with the same celerity and knowing grace which has followed the exit of the refugee camps from the parks all over the town. Truly, one good man in the right place is a host. Ideals are hard to reach, and in the face of human imperfections are apt to run like quicksilver the moment they are touched. The creation of sumptuary laws, vain attempts to enforce retroactive statutes, or some other form of law, statute, or ordinance, calculated to satisfy the prejudices of oversensitive souls, comes with every reform movement. So the vested rights of American citizenship in public and

private, are smothered out of sight. And even so, the liabilities and responsibilities of individuals, in or out of public office, in such matters as sidewalks and street repairing, are forgotten in a vain struggle for the mere shadow of moral regeneration.

Verily, we say unto you, it reads like an opera bouffe that an American citizen is arrested in a public place for expectorating there, in view of the fact that more than a few of the American citizens of San Francisco have beeu killed. maimed or laid upon their backs by the utter heedlessness of certain people in regard to the condition of the sidewalks of the city. Property holders are under obligations, in common law, to keep the sidewalks in repair. And considering the condition of them here, as any blind man may know, it looks to our American citizenship like "damned insolence" for the inspector of any city department or of any federal or state department, or of any good government league, or of any association of private citizens, to stick these noses, or his, into our front doors.



PROPOSED DESIGN FOR GRACE CHURCH CATHEDRAL

"It cometh not with observation, but springeth up and groweth he knoweth not how."

AND is it not so with us this morning of the Resurrection, as we behold our city from its hill tops and see what has been accomplished in somewhat less than two years. Marvelous indeed, and it would seem we were led by a mightier than a human hand. The desire, the duty and the action of the brave in our community has reared that which now astonishes the world.. It is the result of work. earnest, intelligent work, guarded in prayer.

And in the midst of probably the greatest devastation ever known, the scheme of a great cathedral, for the Episcopal Diocese, to crown our most conspicuous hill, in the very heart of the city, was conceived and planned. The following description of the structure is from its rector,

REV. DAVID EVANS

"Among all the great buildings of the grander San Francisco, that is, Phœnix like, rising so rapidly out of

the ashes of the old incinerated city, there will be none to bear such eloquent testimony to the epochal disaster of 1906, as the monumental cathedral, the designs of which, through the courtesy of Bishop Nichols, we are able to show in this number of PHILOPOLIS. The designs for the cathedral, which had only been completed by Dr. George F. Bodley, R.A., a few days before his death, were approved at a meeting of the Grace Cathedral Corporation, February 6, 1908, and are now in the hands of the local architect, Louis P. Hobart, with instructions to revise the structural plans as may be needed to adapt them to steel frame construction.

The splendor of the site will add much to the architectural beauty of the cathedral. The very name of Nob Hill was prophetic, for Nob was an ancient city of the priests, in the Old Testament, and in the providence of God here was to be built another Temple, Grace Cathedral.

Sir Gilbert Scott said of Westminster Abbey, that it was "a great French thought expressed in excellent English." The noble pile that will some day — it may take a generation — crown Nob Hill, the very swan song of Dr. Bodley's architectural genius, will be "a great

Gothic thought expressed in excellent Californian", and because, more truly than any other building in the reconstructed city it will be the direct result of the historic cataclysm (the superb site being the inspired gift of a munificent family). On some stone in the finished structure should very properly be inscribed the old proverbial line, adapted to the occasion :

"Parturiunt montes, nata est haec
summa Cathedra"

"Out of the throes of the travailing mountains this splendid Fane was born."

Below and around this monumental crown lies the city, with its many smaller congregations charmingly housed and well along in line to carry on the mighty struggle for a better, a nobler and a more beautiful city on Easter morn.

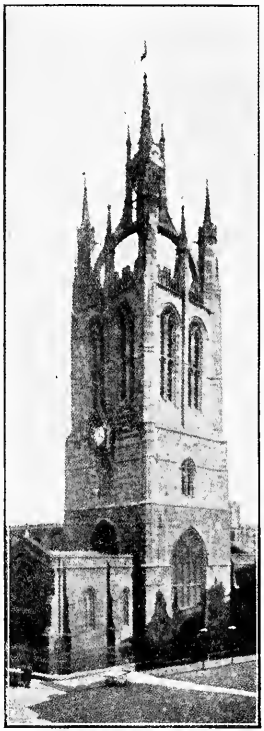


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WHY the English version of Gothic architecture rather than English Renaissance should be chosen as the proper style for a cathedral on Nob Hill, escapes understanding unless it be that the English Church is pursued with the error that Gothic architecture is or was an "indigenous art" to England. England has long since abandoned the notion that pseudo mediævalism is a fairer flower in the gardens of the arts than pseudo classicism. The æsthetic, the pseudo culturist with his sapient shrubbery, has long since given way there to what we might call the Burbank among arts' creatures. Archæology has retired to its legitimate province, and although the modern spirit of Burbankism amidst the arts may grow more cabbages than ros e, it may not be said that good healthy vege tables are not a more worthy product than, artificial flowers. So we awaited expectan tly quite undaunted by the large reputation of the English church builder, for a solution of



SOUTH TOWER



NEWCASTLE

the problem of transplanting a real English cathedral to the heights of San Francisco, and now, having seen the design, may we never live to see its failings translated into stucco and galvanized iron traceries, as we have lived to suffer the presence of that other foreign inspiration, our pseudo classic City Hall. What we call "Mission Moorish" in the vernacular is merely a crude rendering of Spanish architecture — a curious manner of building, strangely reflecting Greek. Saracenic and Gothic forms and characteristics. However, that is another story—but even the crudest of our old missions fit our landscape better than the design of the new Episcopal cathedral promises.

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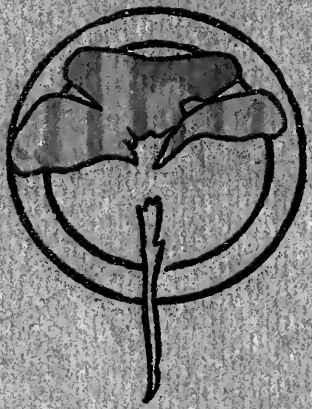
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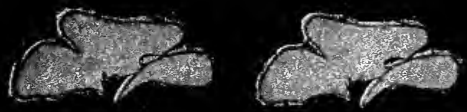
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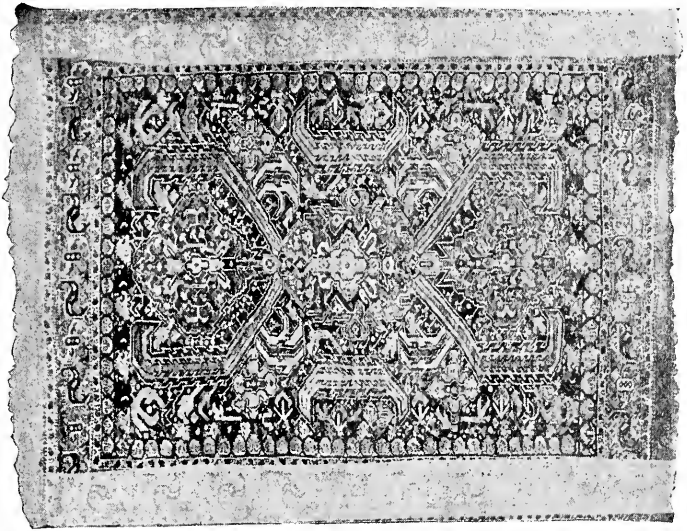
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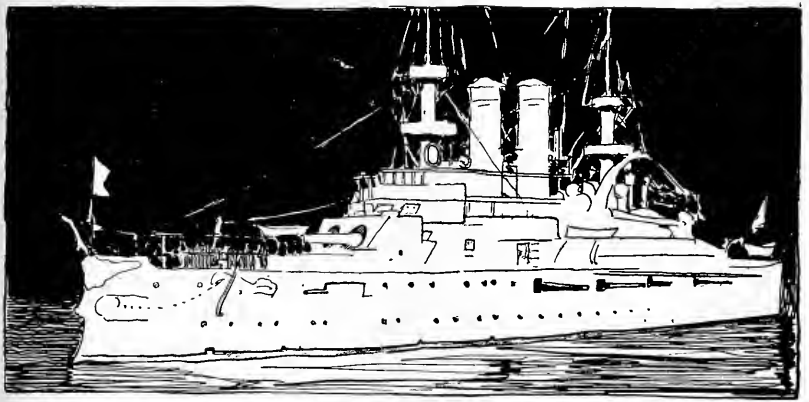
— Coke.

"Our castle's strength will laugh a siege to scorn."

— Shak.



"WE WILL SMOTHER ITS ANGELS OF WAR
IN GARLANDS OF PEACE"



'TWAS noon, the appointed hour, on May 6, 1908, when peacefully and almost solemnly the flagship *Connecticut*, in command of Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans, steamed into our Bay. From either side of the Golden Gate, a flash of light, a column of beautiful smoke and then a crash — twenty and one of them, the salute of the Army to its sister, the Navy, and the response from the flagship *Connecticut* — twenty-one shots at exact intervals — a

National salute from the Army to the Navy, the Navy to the Army, to the People, to the Nation, amidst the shouts and cheers of patriots along both shores. One after another, the Atlantic Fleet, following the flagship, in "exact column" as ordered by the Admiral, entered San Francisco Bay. A sober procession indeed when compared with the character of the surroundings.

It was a glorious morning, such as you see only in our Bay. The heavy grey fog resting on the hills around left the smooth waters below clear to the view of the multitude who were gathered to witness the pageant. Toward noon the sun burst through the grey, and enlightened spots of water and of surrounding hills, making the scene for the processional wondrous beyond words. Tens of thousands were gathered wherever there was a good hillside from which to see the sight — full of expectation, a loyal assemblage of people good to behold — in bright colors like flowers of the fields.

"It is with great pleasure that I find myself at the Golden Gate, inside which I know one of California's golden welcomes await the officers and men of the Fleet I have the honor to command," were the words with which Rear Admiral Evans greeted San Francisco. It

was for San Francisco to meet the expectations of our visitors: and was it not beautifully done. The bunting and electric lights used in ornamenting the city are but a bagatelle when we consider the masses of brave men and women who endured not only the turmoils of San Francisco, but those of California, the past two years. There they were, from all classes, side by side, with cheers and good will, for officer and crew.

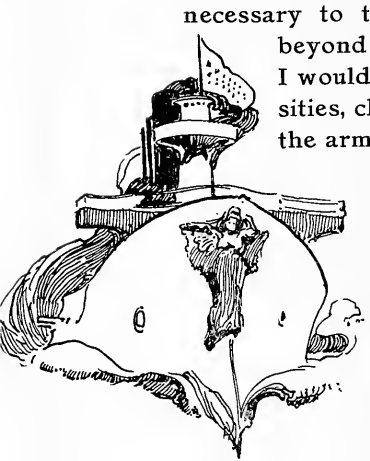
As the Fleet passed around Telegraph Hill, the ships in the sunlight flashed into brilliant white, and when the last had passed, the Pacific Fleet which lay behind Angel Island, fell into line. Three miles long, America's Great Navy, representing some two hundred million dollars (more than it cost to rebuild San Francisco), steamed, with twenty-five thousand men aboard, toward Hunter's Point, turned and cast anchor at half-past two o'clock.

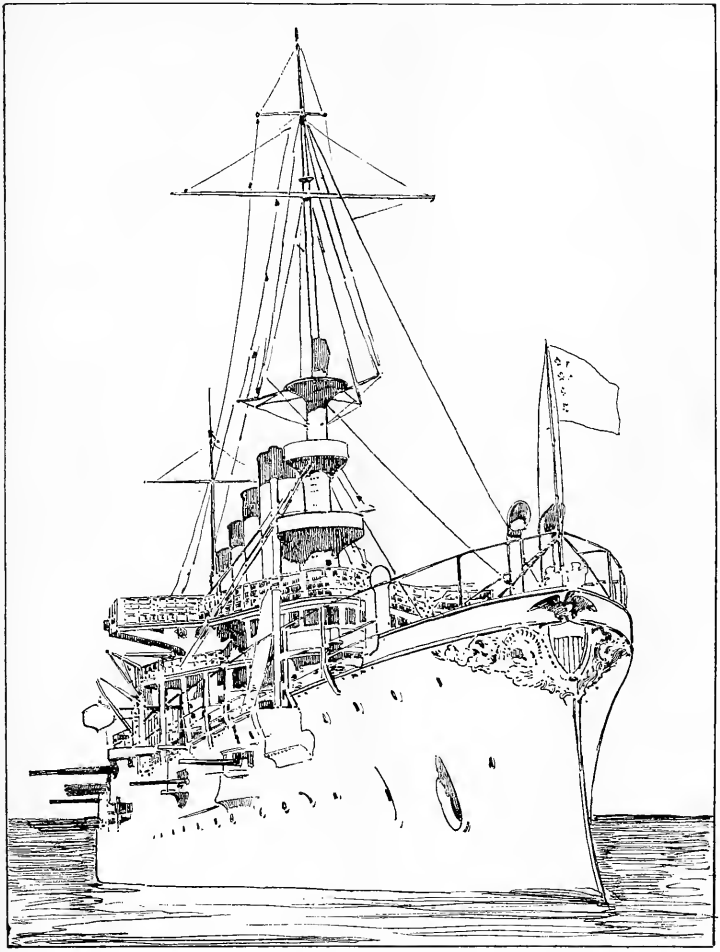
The great feat has been done, circus like perhaps, still the Fleet's traveling ability, the perfect discipline and good behaviour of its American Jackies, the efficiency of its gunners, its capacity to reserve fuel and food, have been amply proved in the cruise of fifteen thousand miles from Hampton Roads to San Francisco, from December 16, 1907, to May 6, 1908 — a voyage of endurance and a test

of the skill of the Navy. The ships will visit Puget Sound and leave San Francisco June 6 for Hawaii, Samoa, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Manila and the Philipines, where the annual target practice will be held; Yokohama, Chefoo, through the Mediterranean, and from Gibraltar to New York, where the Fleet is expected February, 22, 1909.

In 1588 the Spanish Armada, with one hundred and twenty-nine large vessels and twenty-eight thousand men, besides slaves and rowers, approached England. The lively movements of Drake, with England's fleet of thirty ships, sent the Spanish Armada home with fifty-four vessels and ten thousand men, all ill.

We conclude with the words of our Vice-President Charles W. Fairbanks: "We all agree that we should provide adequately for national defence. The money necessary to this end should be freely expended, but beyond our reasonable needs we should not go. I would rather see great schools, colleges, universities, churches and cathedrals, in which to train the armies of young men and women, the armies of peace, who shall ultimately dignify and glorify America's achievements,





ARMORED CRUISER "CALIFORNIA"

Philopolis

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NY departure from accepted architectural forms, either in detail or in composition, or a drastic change in methods of building construction, shocks our sense of just relations to a greater extent than is perhaps within the possibilities of the other graphic and plastic arts. Still the average man, untrained for making nice distinctions, yearns for novelties in the fine art of building. So the architect is at much pains in our day, when everyone has something of knowledge of old forms, if he would be at once novel and cultured in his exhibitions of skill. And woe to him who believes that he may cut loose from all precedent. For just as the spirit and individualisms



of each generations of a kind is encased in the same anatomy: and just as each succeeding generation shows on its anatomical surfaces the accumulated refinements of all its predecessors, just so the fine art of building should direct its efforts. This holds good in the practice of all the arts. Degeneracy is quite as apt to reveal its nasty head, sodden with indifference to refinement, as it is to come laden with luxury and politeness.

L'art nouveau is neither better nor worse than any other style of architecture. Its success or failure depends, as with any other, entirely upon the man behind it. The indiscreet take naturally to l'art nouveau or some bastard form of the arts; for it is an ever present halluncination of indiscretion, that artistic incapacity may be concealed in a riot of imaginings, or a sea of paint, or in unctuous verbosity, or in contorted stones, or in galvanized iron and stucco. While I am always deeply interested in budding genius — the crude offerings of infants to the altars of the arts — degeneracy in infancy is no pleasanter to the eye than the degeneracy of old age. Degeneracy may be, after all, only a lapse of, or absence of capacity. So it were never well to smirk on crudities or incompleteness. The painter shows his discretion, if

no great artistic inspiration, in good drawing and a nice relation of color. And if it so happen that he is confronted with a public cultured in a school of bad forms and disintegrated colored pigments, this very discretion will react to his discomfiture — for a little while. It is even so with the architect. His best efforts are apt to look timid, uninspired, insufficient among the bawling efforts of incapacity. Therefore when we catch an architect's client who has wit enough to recognize in a simple unaffected design, a precious thing which may be guarded, even to the extent of appealing to the law, against "imitation," we feel that we have struck a rich vein of humane and artistic sympathy. But when the same individual would prohibit the repetition of the same by the same artist we know that a surplus of some other qualitive or quantitive, has dominated the act.

Ivan the Terrible put out the eyes of the architect of the Church of Basil the Blessed in the fear the builder and designer might create one more beautiful. Now, no American citizen would think of such brutality, therefore an American citizen issues an injunction — or rather appeals to a common court of law for its issue.

The lawyer in San Rafael who would enjoin one of

our architects from repeating — or rather appearing to him to repeat — one of his inventions, should study the Constitution of the United States; and moreover should have first taken the precaution to purchase and copyright the design of the particular house he desired to reserve to himself. And, again, he should study copyright law sufficiently to inform himself that a style of architecture in use for some centuries before either he or the artist were born, may not be copyrighted even by the artist, let alone the owner of the said cherished house.

As intimated the art of building progresses by a system of selection and rejection — details and compositions pass from hand to hand, from generations of artists to generation, to be modeled and remodeled until no one may say exactly who originated the architecture of this or any other time.

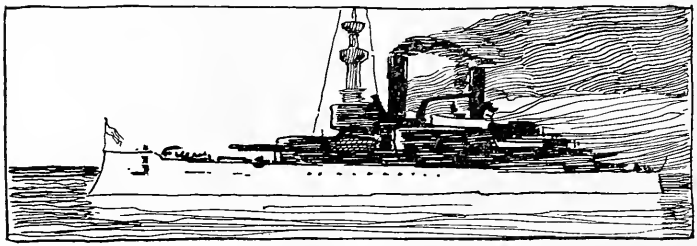
True, an artist may saturate an old style, or artistic expression, with his own artistry, to such an extent that even his brother in profession may be deceived as to the time, place and source of the said style. And again, the same might be so subtle in his detail and composition that the brother in profession might judge two de-

signs to be alike when in truth there might be in the designer's eye a generation of difference. So it were a dangerous game for a brother in profession to sign an affidavit that it were unprofessional for an architect to design houses for different persons in the same manner or in the same general type, for the reason that the said affidavit might have a retroactivity not pleasant to his own systems. If it is unprofessional and unlawful for a designer, artist or architect, or any other author or inventor, to repeat or improve on himseif, what a dreadful offence against society authors and inventors, artists and architects commit, in copying or in improving upon, or in debasing other authors and inventors, artists or architects exhibitions of skill.

I am not writing in levity or facetiousness. The whole aspect of the situation is a serious one. The sanity of the legal profession, the dignity of our common courts in law, and the artistic discernment of practitioners in architecture, tremble in the balance.

Legal empiricism has percolated through every strata of our social fabric to such an extent that perhaps this case of a lawyer in San Rafael suing one of our architects for the blank crime of practicing his profession in accord-

ance with the highest professional usage, *i.e.*, that of striving to improve on his work in general and his own inventions — might get before the Supreme Court of California. It will be turned down there of course. And if we mistake not, empiricism will cry out again in outraged morality; press and pulpit will trumpet again, and the general principle that every man's house is his castle where he retires to escape violence and secure privacy, will be misinterpreted with Japanesque fidelity. It is ever thus that empiricism and morality in the real life switches about to conceal its blunderings, its arbitrariness, and its legal mind, unleavened by a sense of justice and judicial qualities.



The Fleet

Battle Ships

Connecticut, Kentucky, Vermont, Louisiana, Georgia, New Jersey, Rhode Island, Virginia, Minnesota, Ohio, Missouri, Maine, Alabama, Kearsarge, Kansas, Nebraska, Wisconsin, Illinois.—18.

Armored Cruisers

California, South Dakotah, West Virginia, Maryland, Colorado, Pennsylvania, Tennessee, Washington.—8.

Protected Cruisers

Milwaukee, Charleston, St. Louis.—3.

One Gunboat Yorktown

Five Torpedo Boat Destroyers

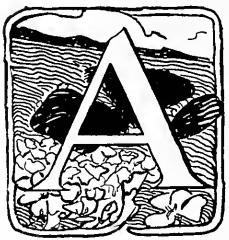
Five Torpedo Boats

Two Submarines

Auxiliaries

Supply Ships, Hospital Ships
Colliers and Tenders





MONG the amusing things coming to us in our career is a letter from a Japanese, who, suffering from an imaginary slight on his personal right and properties, thought himself justified in interpreting the Declaration of Independence to fit his case. We smiled, of course, at his exaggerated view of the importance of a mere statement of the theory upon which our governmental institutions are grounded, and the manner in which he contorted self-evident truth for the purpose of disconcerting us and bolstering his own pretensions.

As a supplement, the writer stated that he had come to this country, weak in body but desirous of cultivating the large head, and enjoying the inalienable rights of this free land, of pursuing life, liberty and happiness. He had attained the large head, not peculiarly American; and in his innocence of the tongue of the country, very

clearly stated a condition of mind many Americans have acquired by long habit. That some of us very truly believe we are endowed by the Creator with the inalienable right to pursue life, liberty and happiness even unto the inner circles of private quarters, is too much in evidence of late for us to contradict. Still, taking all in all, and in face of the fact that language is extremely indefinite, and that all legal proceedure is, of necessity, involved in technique beyond the human kind, we take no snap judgment on either the alienable or the inalienable rights of men.

> "The rights of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures shall not be violated, and no warrant shall issue but upon reasonable cause, supported by oath or affirmation, and particularly describing that place to be searched, and the person or things to be seized."
>
> "No bill of attainder or expost facto law shall be passed."
>
> "No soldier shall, in time of peace, be quartered in any house, without the consent of the owner; nor in time of war, but in a manner prescribed by law."

"The enumeration in the constitution of certain rights shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people."

Among the reasons given by the English colonies in America for seceding from the mother country were:

"He (the King) has kept among us, in times of peace, standing armies (of mercenaries) without consent of our legislators."

He has obstructed the administration of justice by refusing his consent to laws for establishing judiciary powers."

"For abolishing the free system of English laws in a neighboring province, establishing therein an arbitrary government, and enlarging its boundaries so as to render it at once an example and an instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these colonies."

"For depriving us in many cases of trial by jury."

"For cutting off our trade with all parts of the world."

"He has affected to render the military independent of, and superior to, the civil power."

"He has erected a multitude of new offices, and sent hither swarms of officers to harrass our people and eat out their substance."

"For suspending our legislatures, and declaring themselves vested with power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever."

"For taking away our charters, abolishing our most valuable laws, and altering, fundamentally, the forms of our governments."

It is a matter of history that the Labor Union Party, in politics, came as a protest against the invasion of a private house by the police without warrant in law. That the same forgot the cause of its being is only incidental to the principle of things, persons, etc.

Lapses of memory in institutions, associations, corporations, etc., are not come of labor unions. If this were not as we say, the Constitution and the protest we have quoted, would never have been written.

"No person shall be held to answer for a capital or otherwise infamous crime, unless on a presentment or indictment of a Grand Jury, except in cases arising in the land or naval forces, or in the militia, when in actual service, in time of war, or public danger; nor shall any person be subject for the same offense to be twice put in jeopardy of life or limb; nor shall be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself, nor be deprived

> of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor shall private property be taken for public use without just compensation."

No courage, physical, or moral, is equal to the courage of acknowledging a legal error or a blundering indictment.

The American citizen is lacking neither in moral nor in physical courage, but he has an unwritten code of ethics or etiquette which forbids him, much to his disadvantage on great occasions, to squabble with a tradesman over a small cheat, or argue with petty officials or governmental servants. Consequently when put to it to oppose an accumulation of petty obsessions, grown large over night, he is apt to see the error of his own ways rather than those of the other fellows. And then again, the real offenders are not slow in enlarging on the American citizen's lapses in small matters, nor are they backward in treating truly serious breaches of trust in a factious manner, or defending evil deeds in the name of the public weal. King George, himself, if he were among us today, would find many a platitude in commendment for his arbitrary systems.

And even Nero might perhaps apologise for the living



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torches in his gardens by quoting the common gossip of his day, that "The early christians ate live babies."

All historic crimes against the people are committed in "faith, morality and philanthropy," and every encroachment on the liberties of the people is cloaked in the plea of the common weal; and every breach of trust strives to smother itself in extenuating circumstances.

> "The United States shall guarantee to every state in this Union a republican form of government, and shall protect each of them against invasion; and, on application of the legislature, or of the Executive (when the legislature cannot be convened), against domestic violence."
>
> "Self-denial and self-reliance," says Mr. Cannon. "seem to be things of the past. There is no more pitching in and doing the job one's self; little resolute spirit of self-help and home rule. Instead, the interested party appeals to the township, the township to the county, the county to the state, the state to the nation: and work harder to get the contribution than it is worth. It is humiliating to see this borrowing tendency develop. The individual loses his freedom, and the state, by not exercising its rights and powers, forces the nation to assume and exercise them. A borrower must expect to lose con-

trol of himself a little beyond the extent of his borrowing, and it is only logical that the nation assumes control where it has furnished the means. Are the rights and independence of the individual state to disappear gradually and make room for one centralized power in the nation, or is it time to call a halt and encourage individual rights and self-help ?"

* * * * *

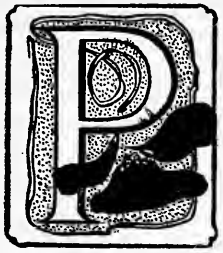
"*Resol-ved*, That it is the opinion of this Board of Supervisors that all future expense of sanitary operations should be borne entirely by the Federal Government in the same manner as the expense of war or that of any other matter of national importance, and that the Mayor appoint a committee of five to act with him in having the matter properly presented to the authorities in Washington."

At this point we were in a dreadful flurry, and were madly chasing about to discover wherein the Supervisors find a precedent or the authority for inviting the officials of a neighboring province into our municipality as active principles in our home government, when the light of comprehension dawned upon us. The resolution is a deep bit of diplomacy. The Federal Navy is at our door.

We will smother its angels of war in garlands of peace and await the next election.

The people of San Francisco are a self-reliant species of the genus homo, and you may guarantee that when the unwarranted interference of the Federal officials in our school affairs is dragged out of the U. S. Supreme Court and brought before the people at the polls, that polls are mightier than sticks. It takes a three-quarter vote of the states to alter the fundamental law of the country. but a bare majority is sufficient to alter the personnel of our government. The people of San Francisco cleaned the streets of San Francisco, repaired the damages to their houses and rebuilded the business section, as individuals sans mercy of government. So let us hope that no more Japanesque readings of the Declaration of Independence and flippant interpretations of the Constitution of the United States, fraught with the imputation that we are a seditious people, shall see the light of these breezy spring days.





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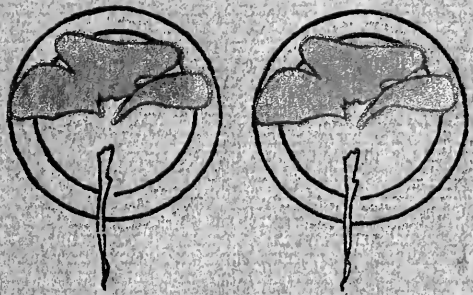
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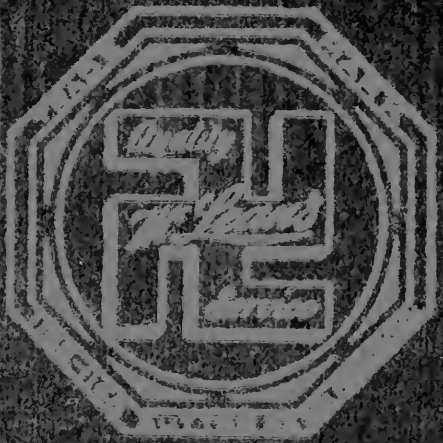
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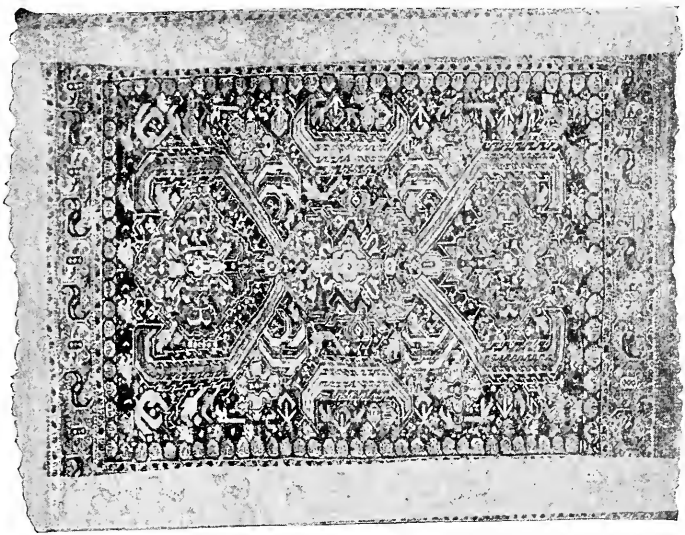
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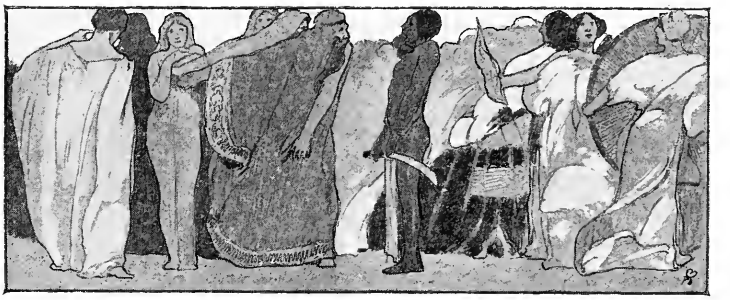
Morality has its gutters from which dishonored people try to splash the most exalted persons with the mud in which they are sunken.

Lily of the Valley
—Balzac



DETAIL MADONNA

G. Bellini, Royal Academy, Rome



The Responsibilities of Riches

"He will cling fast to it (his house), but it shall not endure."

The empiric, the child of fickle fortune, born like any other agent of life on the wings of grisly fate, flirts with ever flickering light, either of good or ill omen: and like the moth is predestined to come to grief — to pass in conception.

"If labor (pain), is presented to you, you will find it endurance."

Progressive man is a discoverer, not a meandering creature idly plucking the flowers and seed by the wayside for his dinner and amusement. And 'twer a

grievous sin to say that activity paid in "wages" is of necessity for such recompense, productive, or to use the more exaggerated term, creative ; for the riches returned for double pains (sincerity) are never in stock in trade and coin. To return in kind in the material sense, and to return in kind for the progress of man are two widely different exchanges. You pay wages for your waste, for your sins ; but for the goods thereof you pay nothing. While some haggle over the price of a bauble, a day's sweat of the arms, things more precious than diamonds, far richer than grains of fine gold, lay like driftwood on the edge of the ebb and flow of tides of time — to be picked up at last when the hand which made them has gone — when the mind which conceived them has re-entered the ether of eternity. "How long," asked Napoleon, pointing to a work, "do you think that masterpiece will endure ?" "About four hundred years." "Four hundred years ! and you said : 'It is immortal'."

Well, the work is already passed ; and yet, the memory of it still stays in story, very like the voice of the singer which echoes in the hearts of the people.

The human mind is a paradox and its proceeds paradoxical. It proves truths in the frivolous, and folly by

truth; it covers weaklings with seriousness and uncovers the wisdom of the master in the farce.

Pandora let the Devil loose, but clapped the lid on the urn before Hope escaped. Which is the why and wherefore, perhaps, that we so readily recognize the imp of evil, and place so little confidence in hope. It is this half-knowledge which places sage and primitive somewhat on the same plane.

> A little learning is a dangerous thing:
> Drink deep or taste not the Pierian spring.

While it may be true that society has not fulfilled its obligations to all of its component parts, nor very seriously endeavored, in founding its institutions, to equalize the inequalities which are born in the cradle of nature, it were a very serious game to bring forth, to attention, the claims of one class or kind by animadversion of another. And it is far more serious, as an occupation, to chase effect for cause, for effects usually carry one far from causatives. The dancing sunbeams, however pretty or warmth giving, are not the sun.

"Labor and Capital" are effects, not causes. So, to drag them out of the impersonal, out of immaterial

things, making them do duty, as if they were anything but what they are (pains), is a very serious sport, and one well calculated in the end to produce, or to reproduce, or to create, a ring of singed moths around consuming fires. With his two bare arms alone, man would have availed little against the cantankerous temper of nature and the beast. The tools we use in our voyage towards the millenium are as mute and immutable as mind itself. We are not to be governed by mundane conveniences. The ring of the hammer is not the echo of the moment's thought, but consequences, often as far removed from the hand who wields it as the creation measures, in time, from the millenium.

"In every circumstance, I will maintain, she (philosophy) says, the governing part, conformable to nature. Whose governing part? His in whom I am, she says. How then shall my brother cease to be angry with me? Bring him to me and I will tell. But I have nothing to say to you about his anger."

It is a poor blacksmith who complains of his tools: and it were a sorry master who starves his slaves. Happiness, they say, is in the will and may not be attached to externals for very long. So it is weak game of a poor

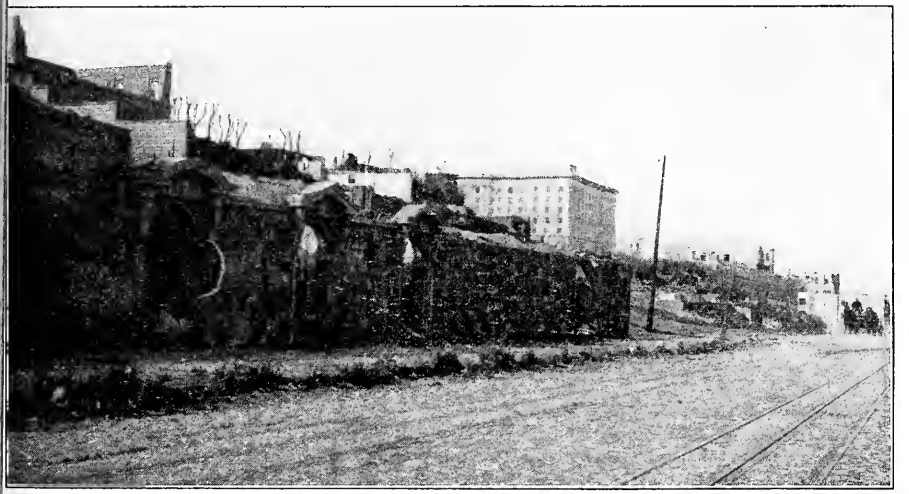
will which seeks to gain happiness, security and occupation by transferring responsibilities from one questionable agent to an exceedingly gruesome establishment. However, it may not be said that the modern "laborer" (the unenduring) is pre-eminently a starveling. We have seen squalor, privation, shiftlessness and prostitution, where the monster "modern industrialism" did not exist — which may not be much in logic, still there's as much as in recounting the tale. Quite true, that we have witnessed the child in the coal mine, and in that dreadful instrument of torture, the modern factory; and, equally true is it that we have seen the child in that other cramping institution, the public school—something we mention only for the reason that we would like it known that we know what government can do in large industrialisms. So, with this, let it pass in a story:

A certain private in the army, more notorious for his weakness for beer than for a grievous sin, was accosted by his captain, known for his irascible temper: "Dennis, drunk again, you're going straight to the devil." Dennis saluted: "Captain, if I was to tell you that you are the damndest old fool and sinner in the army what would, what could you do to me?" "I would just put you in the

guard house on bread and water, sir." "Well, captain, suppose I had it out in thinking?" Dennis saluted, and brought his heels together. "Hell! man, I am no mind reader." Dennis brought his hands to his side, saluted again, and remarked: "I will have it out then in the thinking."

Verily, there are many things we should have out in the thinking, in the chambers of freedom. Still, to return, the most distressing reflections of man's activities, when there is little acquaintance with consequences, are those of the interfering wretches who win out, heads or tails. Riches (in world's goods) have responsibilities, but these are mostly accountings with themselves. Most rich men know them, but the trouble is that the importunities of questionable commodities in human flesh prevents much good use of knowledge. Desirable ends are sent astray, bequests and donations sink into nothingness, and support intended for one purpose goes to another.

Now, it were the folly of follies, the half blown blossom of wisdom to maintain that a division of the spoils of trade, as largess, as charity, or in the form of increased wages to "labor," would have any civilizing effect on humanity, in view of the fact that the truly enlightening



YOU PAY FOR YOUR WASTE.

labors of humanity have accomplished the advancement of men without any pay (wages) worthy the mention.

As said, the hand which wields the hammer is seldom conscious of the reason of the blow and ring — else it were for his dinner. It is only when the impetus given the hammer is truly at the other end of the nerve of the arm, and in every ring of the compact there is a struggle for the liberation of the embryo of a bit of news for us, that we may claim that the blow is worthy of a better term than repetition — duplication in thoughtlessness. While wealth, riches, coming as an accumulative force through thrift, may not come of any higher instinct than the reason which impels men to hammer an anvil for a living, it should always be remembered that industry and thrift are both very laudable quantitatives. Therefore the reverend gentlemen was right who said: "It is a sad thing to see men cast slurs on either, or arouse animosity between (the industrious and the thrifty) 'capital and labor'." There can be no conflict here. There is none. It is only the puff and splutter of the donkey engine and the engineer. He was right.

We marvel at the organization of the beehive and the industry of it; but when the stores are laid for the com-

ing generation of bees, the queen taken her dizzy flight and returned, and the drones are driven forth, wonder gives place to consternation in the minds of some men: and the not truly honest are filled with contempt, for these latter know, nor care little, for nature's economies. They see the honey-bee flying from flower to flower gathering sweets — robbing in their eyes — but that this messenger of flight and return has an agency in fecundating the flower beds it appears to rob only — in their eyes — they miss. At the same time another, sympathetic, but no farther sighted, would project some interference in the working out of the bee-house. A veritable hornet's nest comes on the wrong foundation. In angry revolution the workers break continuity; the whirr of wings no longer stirs the air for the ventilation of the honey-cells and passages; the queen suffocates, and however much the drones may cling to the hive, the house can not endure.

"Philosophy does not propose to secure for a man any external thing. If it did (or if it were not as I say), philosophy would be allowing something which is not within its province. For as the carpenter's material is wood, and that of the statuary is copper, so the matter of living is each man's life."

Philanthropy is not science. Sympathy seldom spells justice. The law is prohibition, force, and our primitive souls cry out in anger of it, for we know by experience that it is seldom more than a policeman's club. Progress by the club wielded by a hand incapable of theory, the domineering force of limited experience, is either savagery or empiricism. We do not murder now-a-days by direction, as a gentlemanly occupation, but by indirection. The strong, those who are capable of taking pains, are not left in the fields to exercise themselves, but are, each in a way, presented with a "little old man of the mountain" as a gentle reminder that civilization, while it secures us from the pot hunter with a gun around the corner, it is not to be understood that progress has no burden, that charity claims no wages, or that the refinements we have gathered unto ourselves have no murdering sting. Every man pays his toll at the invisible gateway to advancement, to progress, to our civilization. There no man may escape the wind or the tumbling tiles. The quibs and jibes thrown at the passing clouts by the students of the school of philosophy in Alexandria were merely substitutes for the darts of more savage instincts — of more primitive social organizations. Man has pro-

gressed just that far that he carries his waste from the land to the sea by sewer; he has risen to logical perception only to breed sophistry so far; he has recognized liberty sufficiently to enable him to write constitutions and declarations of independence, but he still clings to government by proxy and passes his freedom into others care — or carelessness. And yet if civilized man is told frankly that he has merely transferred responsibilities, changed activity from one hand to the other, removed one ill to supplant another, and, to no better purpose than that of securing himself from marauders with primitive instruments, and to transfer pollution from his immediate surroundings to a neighboring place; he will throw up hands as if he were about to be sent into the kingdom come by a bomb or smothered in pessimism. Still he must acknowledge that he very complacently allows his pockets to be picked, if the wages are not too onerous, and pays a larger price for physical comfort than he is in the habit of counting. He allows of course that the Renaissance era was one of great mental and material advancement, but it had its disadvantages, its discomforts as a household. A man had to be too alert in those days to save his skin from puncture, etc. And he is right

in a measure, for: "There lived in Venice at that time a man (Aretino) who belonged to the remarkable characters of his time. He is the father of 'modern men of letters'. He wrote a religious book at the instance of Vittora Colona. He wrote on any and every subject for anybody and for everybody. He even wrote the text for a set of scenes so obscene, that the publisher was cast into prison—Aretino escaped. Aretino called himself the 'Scourge of Princes' and was proud of the surname. Many princes paid him regular stipend (wages), but feeling at last in the necessity of connections with all the great men of his day, Aretino addressed himself (by letter as he was wont to do) to Michael Angelo, suggesting a gift, and insinuating evil." How the master avoided the compact is a matter of history, and one well worthy of attention.

Michael Angelo was a business man if you will remember, held large contracts, and as a consequence was more or less open to suspicion; still Michael Angelo's hammer had a subtle ring for all that, and he paid little attention to the chips he scattered right and left as he worked his way through the marble to fortune, and for the materialization of the ideal back of his hammer; neither

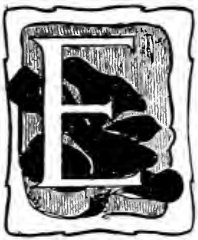
did he stop long in contemplation of damages wrought, nor for philander or philosopher. And yet Michael Angelo labored (took pain) for humanity in general: for he, as well as any other, knew that where there is labor there is waste, where there is a blow there is a ring either of good or evil. The master was not intent upon evil, his mind was not centered upon the perpetuation of species, or a dinner pail, or his wages; and yet some philosophy would have said, aye, they have said, that this carver merely wasted his energies in graving useless things. And it comes to all those who taketh pains, each gathers around himself sophists and flatterers who, while they see that labor (pains) begetteth wealth, and marvel at it, they do not see that activity dissolveth wealth in their pains (laborings). So we are to say that the gatherer of riches wants to have a care or he hath his labors for his pains only.



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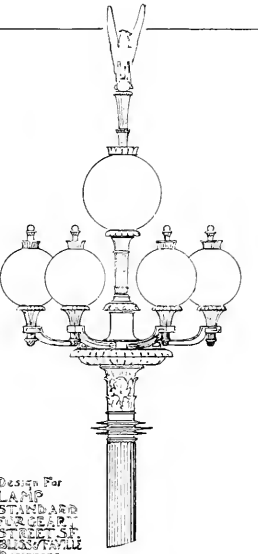




SSENTIALLY reproductive and destructive only where he would insist that he is a creative creature, we are given to the belief at odd moments, that man has apotheosized his own egoity very much in disrespect of his creator, in the story of Eve ; and in doing so has come to the point where he has little of respect for his better faculties. In strict definition man is not truly creative ; he is merely a discoverer with a faculty of invention which is absolutely dependent upon nature for inspiration and productiveness. In his common activities he is no better than any other of God's creatures. Swallowing the fruit of the tree of knowledge is not to know the tree or the wisdom thereof.



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Schools when their organizers or directorates forget or overlook the fact that schools do not make men, are apt to substitute artifice for our birthright. In reply to an attack on the school of fine arts of France: "L'Ecole des Beaux Arts has not produced the architecture of France; the architects have produced it, and these in acting as professors in the school place their experience at the disposal of the student." Now a school is not much more than a shelter for master and pupil. Still, when recognized as such, they gather their moss and fooleries like other inventions; but it may not be said off-hand that the nonsense we find there has not been so placed or grown by some irrelevant creature quite outside its class room. For instance the system *de concour* and medals of the French school were invented and thrust upon it by the brother of a mistress of one of the French monarchs; and it has come to pass that these grafts are the chief objects of all criticism leveled at the school: and as the writer quoted above has said: "The school's really excellent system of bringing master and student of architecture in close contact, without the intervention of a mere pedagogue of art, is smothered in a wrangle over non-essentials." And we might add: the un-essential is

enlarged in the public eye to the size of master and pupil, and master and pupil shrinks into insignificance. Consequently many schools, instead of fulfilling their mission of producing good goods, only reproduce second hand commodities in learning — except by chance.

Our educators miss a vital point when they assume the educational institution to be more than a bureau of information and a drilling place for a known capacity. For them to insist for a moment that a mere school is, to any appreciable extent, a potential factor in arresting atavism, or that it can make up or supply deficiencies, or that the individual is any the better for having yielded to a school process, is sure in the ultimate of things to reflect disagreeably upon the institution.

We can put the egg in the incubator and do the mother's work in so much, and if perchance the egg itself were made of man, who shall say that it is not subject to all the vicissitudes of life and not to reflect man's own erratic equasions, his abstractions and subtractions? 'Twer far better to expect only pullets from the incubator, than to look for roosters out of feminine eggs. And 'twer doubly foolish to engage a doubtful agent to care for the incubator — or the hen, for that matter.

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A school is an artifice — a hypothetical quantitative quite as apt to prove itself in original error as in any other possibility. So we are in the habit of measuring the attainment of all of them by their advertisements, and thusly secure a sense of just relatives of ends as a base for apology or execution. Suborning slavery of opinion in a faculty, or choosing the same for its complacent disposition would in itself inculcate habits of mild self indulgence, immorality and polite insolence in a student body. At such moments the flavor of insincerity comes with the rolling of the humanities, unctuously under the tongue, as if information in philosophy and philology, and skill in the use of rhetoric and polite letters were anything better than what Matthew Arnold intimates: "More effective than provincialism, as weapons, defence and offensiveness."

School masters are ever at the necessity of possessing a sense of humor, or they view far too seriously the small immoralities, the polite insolence, and the self-indulgence of adolescence. And the tremulous anxiety of the average school trustee that heretical doctrines in social or other sciences may creep into the school and endanger his own social orthodoxy, assumes too much importance.

So we are to expect some to oppose a student body where they should lead, and humor a governing board when it should be given a left hand swing on the right jaw bone. A school without the right master is very like a brood of ducklings mothered by a hen.

Modernity builds most richly and lavishly, and on a stupendous scale; still in the qualitative sense modernity falls far short of more primitive civilizations. And if the reason of this disparity is not in the modern school, where is it? Are we to infer that the apprenticeship system and private tutelage were more efficient, and by necessity of their more restricted activities, more choice in selection of educatable quantitatives; or are we to acknowledge that our school authorities are unequal to the task of selecting the right kind of educators: and it being so, that our great all absorbing, all embracing educational systems, have missed an important point in neglecting to establish schools for the cultivation of school trustees?

Now, trusteeship does not imply ownership. It were far nearer truth to hold the principle that riches are held, by the individual, in trust, by the will and for the people; and that in the final analysis of things, persons

etc., it is not to be asked how a man accumulates wealth, but to what use he applies it. And moreover it is not to be asked where and how a man is educated, but for what purpose has he attained it, and to what end would be devoted the profit. Self indulgence is quite as apt to reveal its vulgarity in education as in the accumulation of any other commodity.

Charity, as a matter of course, is the quickest and easiest means of ridding oneself of surplus; but charity, largess, returns no interest. The endowment of an educational institution is not of necessity a distribution of largess, charity, although the whole of such might be dumped into charity. And perhaps the anxiety over this quite possible miscarriage of educational bequests — a system of robbing Peter to debauch Paul — has led to a certain press comment on the Stanford Junior University which oversteps all the restrictions polite letters place upon critical reviews. It were an uncivil act to be sure, provincial in the extreme, and yet with just that twang of truth about it that drives enthusiasm into the grievous error of stating fancies for facts.

We cannot stand for a moment for the principles that the student body of the said college are not a party in

interest of the properties of said institution, and that in availing themselves of the benefits of the Stanford endowment, all students at the university may be charged with accepting charity. Neither are we to allow that the only recourse fitting to a student there who does not agree with any system of espionage, subornation or repression of opinion, the institution may adopt, through the complaisance or activity of its "authorities," is that of packing up and departing.

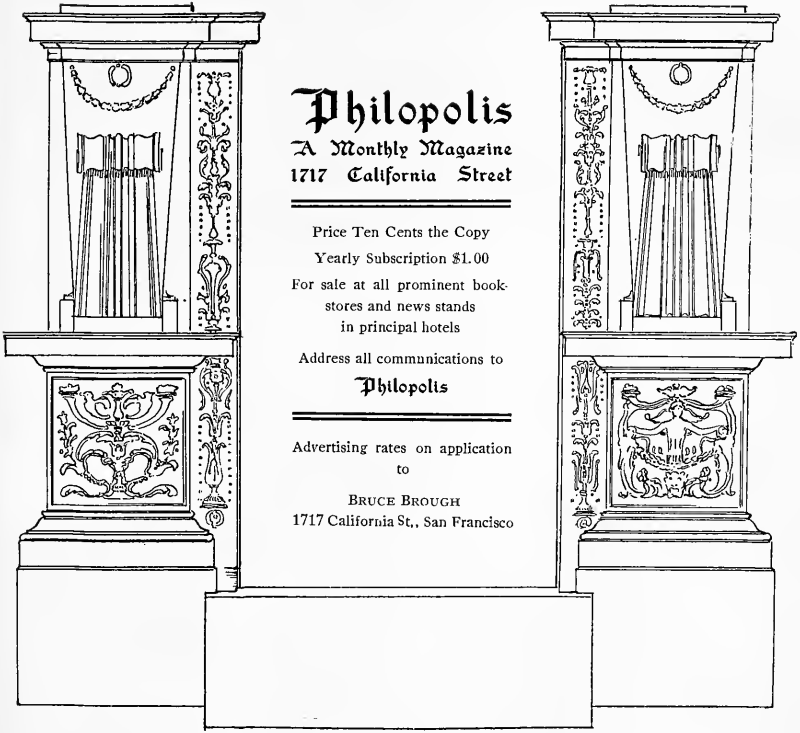
The Leland Stanford Junior University is a public property — in trust, true, but nevertheless the property of the people. The right of petition, the right of protest — aye, the right of demonstration shall remain inviolate in the student body of all such, or they are become menaces to democratic principles.

Are we so near the verge of national bankruptcy, through the waste of modern reproductive systems, that an educational place may be viewed as a reformatory, as a dispensary of charity?

Are we so near the gates of nihilism that it may be assumed that the best a university may do is to engage the complacent school master with never an effort toward productiveness and possessing never a sign of original

thought or action — a mere encyclopædia of information with a ferrule attachment. Is it to be said finally and for evermore that the highest ideal to which schools may aspire, is to contract the habit of tremulous enjoyment in the art of spinning dainty phrase, carefully milled in the academy, around nothingness; or are we only to understand that some one cherishes a broken ideal in the fond delusion that he possesses a live reality.





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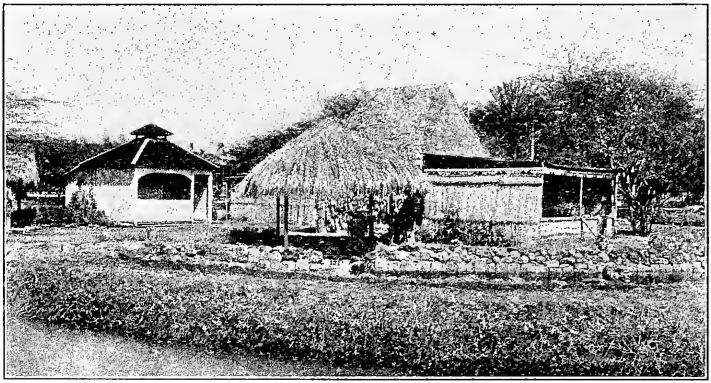
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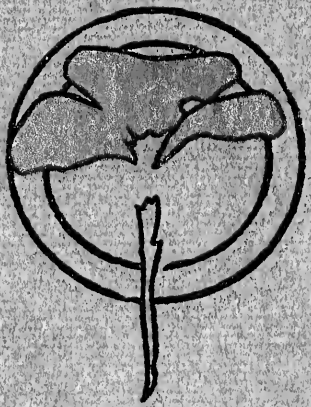


$2,000 *for Short Stories*

Sunset is in the field for short stories — the best short stories of western out-of-door life that can be written. The attention of all writers is called to this announcement, which means that between this date and July 31 cash prizes amounting to $2,000 will be paid for fifteen stories of the character desired. This amount will be divided into the following prizes: First Prize, $500; Second Prize, $250; Third Prize, $200; Fourth and Fifth Prizes, $150 each; Five Stories at $100 each; Five Stories at $50 each.

The only limitations put upon writers are that the manuscripts shall run between three thousand and eight thousand words; that they shall relate in some manner to the country west of the Mississippi river, or to any locality north of the equator in lands washed by the Pacific, although preference will be given those relating to the Western States. They must all relate to the out-of-doors and be buoyant, cheerful and hopeful.

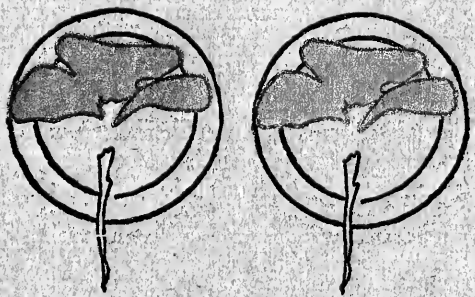
All stories should reach this office not later than July 31, and prize winners will be announced in the October number. The author's name and address should not be attached to the manuscript, but should be submitted in a separate sealed envelope which should simply bear the title of the story. The stories will be passed upon by three readers, all of them independent of the editorial staff. All manuscripts not receiving prizes, or purchased independently, will be returned at the close of the competition, providing stamps for such return are enclosed. All should be typewritten, and should be plainly addressed: Short Story Contest, Sunset Magazine, San Francisco, California.



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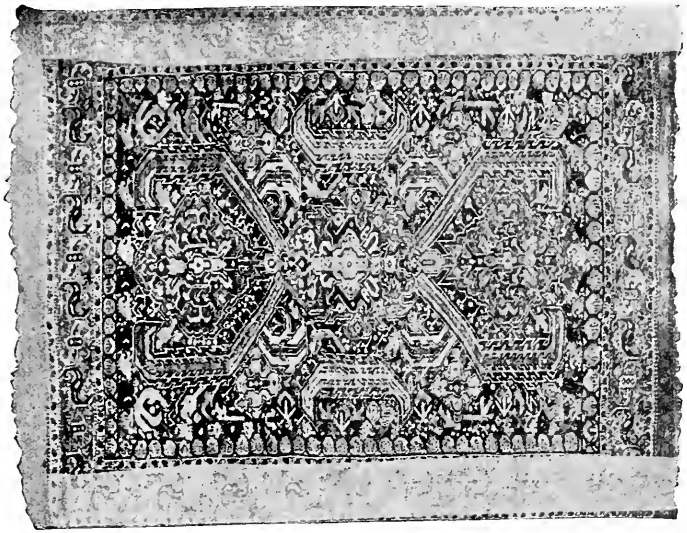
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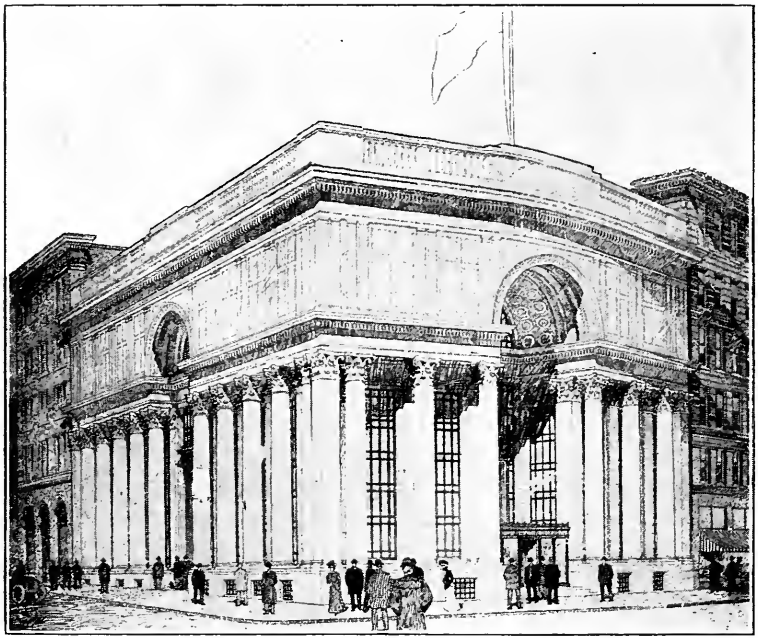
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To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart;
To make mankind, in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold:
For this the tragic Muse first trod the stage,
Commanding tears to stream through every age;
Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.

—Alexander Pope.



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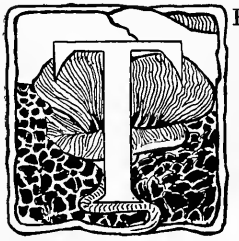
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Water Supply.

By Charles C. Moore.



HE people of San Francisco have done well: the property owners and the commercial interests of this city have acted in a manner to command the admiration of the world. The citizen took his loss and braved the struggle to rehabilitate himself and his city; not without assistance, but not without many unnecessary, misguided obstructions. It is but the occasional family not suffering loss in our disaster, a loss a few reservoirs from which to pump water, would have minimized. And now we are face to face with the annual water rate struggle between the Board of Supervisors and the Spring Valley Water Company: the one advocates the purchase of a water right it would take ten years to make useful, the other stands without funds to make its plant efficient. We hear the point of view of the city

authority advocating the purchase of the Hetch Hetchy water rights, confident in the success of obtaining a plentiful water supply, confident of obtaining the necessary large amount of money, some fifty, yes, more likely seventy-five million dollars, by voting and floating bonds on the credit of the city. On the other hand the authorities of the Spring Valley Water Company present a fair exposition, showing the present capacity of the system to be sufficient for a supply for three years, and with improvements the supply would be sufficient for ten years to come. In view of the existing deadlock, it occurred to me, in order to obtain in a reasonably comprehensive way, the sentiments of the taxpayer, to visit some seventy-five or more men of varied affairs: bankers, wholesale and retail men and labor interests.

There is a strong sentiment in this town in favor of maintaining that unique position we have held all these years, of having San Francisco stand as it does today, the city with the smallest bonded debt per capita, and the lowest percentage of mortgage debt compared to the assessment roll, of any city in the American Union. Had the city purchased a water system years ago, we could not have occupied any such position today. There is a

feeling to let private capital continue to own the water system, regulate it by the authorities, and govern the interest on the investment: and let the bond borrowing power of the city be devoted to streets, sewers, an auxilliary fire system, public buildings and schools.

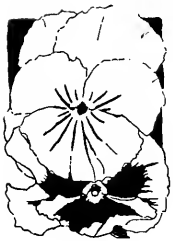
Now, platitudes are comparatively easy --- generalities too common: we need some suggestions, some meat of possible action to take into our mental system for digestion. The Gordian knot is tied. The Spring Valley Water Company distrust the Board of Supervisors, the Board of Supervisors distrust the Spring Valley Water Company; the commercial bodies have confidence in both parties, and recommend arbitration, broad minded and fair arbitration.

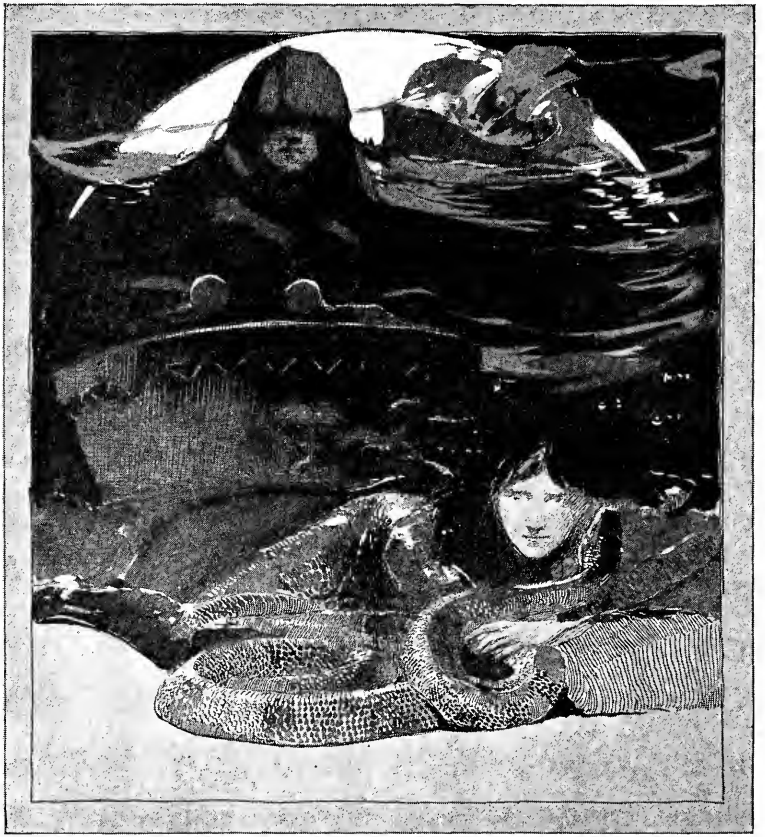
Form immediately a Board of Arbitration: two members to be selected by the City, two by the Spring Valley Water Company, the four to choose a fifth. The five men should be men carefully selected, skilled and experienced, for it is not everybody can handle this important problem.

They shall fairly and expeditiously appraise the Spring Valley Water Company properties, and make a report carrying with it an agreement to sell the proper-

ties to the city. *Exparte* appraisements vary from $21,000,000 to $47,000,000. The city should have the right to name three members of the Board of Directors to see all contemplated improvements and extensions, and should treat the company liberally. Joint auditors should pass on all expenditures, and properly separate operation and maintenance from construction.

This valuation of the property would give the rate, the annual "Donnybrook Fair" would be eliminated, the Supervisors would devote time to city business, streets, etc., Spring Valley would be out of politics. It is nearest at hand, ready for use, and when the supply is insufficient it will be a distributing plant. I venture to say, that under the city administration, the acquisition of lands for possible extensions would not have been accomplished, and we would not have been able to meet the water demand, and with it in the field it will be difficult to vote and sell bonds, burdening our city with a heavy debt for a new and expensive system.





Arthur F. Mathews *Illustration A Man Hunt*

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A Man Hunt,

Or, The Somnambulist En Route.

A Musical Drama *ad arbitrium.*

"*Ecce Signum:—Actum est Republica.*"

Prelude — Musica.

Doom . . Whom . m . . The Houri ring from Dome to Doom . . .
As Time strikes the Clock with Twelve for—Whom to Doom . . .
Gnomes roam . . Morpheus looms . . Sommeil smothers the room . . .
Tic, tac, the Watch tacs . . The Death-Watch tics fleeting seconds:—
Victim creeps the floor; and, through the door — Ghosts stalk —
And Illusions sway in Man's possessions: He dreams — of Doom —
And, in the stillness, the hums of the Universe begins — beats
A tam-tam on his Dome: Comets boom, dash and swirl;—
And Worlds clash and crash in horrible smashing roar — but —
In this muffled drum — man's dome — only the hum, drums:
Eternity hath no measure here, much less a sounding board —
Firm enough to more than hum a little sum of the booming —
The crunching, swirling, rumpling, dashing, crumpling planets —
Laboring, rumbling, — creating, consuming, in the Master Room
between Dome and Doom.

Tableau — Camera Obscura.

Camerade. Transmeable vails — vapors trembling, throbbing—
Scintillating in scioptic balls, or in sciomachy fading;
Or hanging heavy in umbery folds, or quivering
From attacks of Viper-like thrusts of Fire —
Shivering in chills — scorching in heats — fluttering in delight —
Swaying gently in pleasure only to be burst asunder
In storms — ripped, and stripped in shreds by spite: —
Huge emptiness — ponderous shadowy bulks pound — and,
Nothing sounds — but in mutterings from Doom to Dome:
Eye glitter from the dark — ghouls — or glow omniverously —
In lights — fading, Beauties glances melt, and hate shoots
Sparks of vicious intent: Shimmering waters ripple — swim —
Where vail descends, and glimmering jewels sparkle and silver —
And gold vibrates: The shadow of a Ship sweeps in —
And o'er space a cloud of white — like a sail comes —
Vanishes in nothingness — leaving trails of racing bubbles.

Chorus.

YE-HO, on lea shores of delusion, ha! O-ho —
Ye shall sight the ship in confusion, he O-O!
And racing, in curdling atoms of creation, hi! she —
Ye'll see between Dome and Doom — in re-creation —
Ha ha! ho ho! — le — O —

CHORUS.

As if indeed 'twere Noah's Ark
Beating shores of illusion ;
All the Worlds' turned Ship of State,
Resolved on man's confusion :
Bluffing here, whole schools of whale,
Tacking there, a River Styx.
Its shadowy crew, sails any whither,
Anchors in unbottomed sinks,
Or floats to ports in stagnation,
Only to settle in abomination.

SIRENS.

All hail !
All hail ! all's good for ye, in our emulsion found :
All reeling, tumbling, plunging human vessels drown'd
Herein, are filled with our fascinating intoxications ;
And thusly, immuned by gruesome, double bibulations,
All such, in healing and for double dealing — are
Consigned to seething cauldrons, eternally boiling.

HYDRIADS.

Fathomless regions, in perpetual liquidation —
Gruesome maelstrom, in hate's prohibition and negation—
All ye, baptizing here in bile and guile, go thee, beyond ;
For, in this bibulous gloom all graft pays double fund.


MASQUE OF
PANDORA

SIRENS.

So here in dissolving worlds of dipsomaniacs,
We lay entangling snares for hydrophobia:
Amidst shadowy shapes in antiseptics we swirl expectantly;
As each lunge of lurching hulk foretells of tumbling —
Tars and Apes and Men, who have lost the hold,
Or who have slipped their pose in cracking nuts;
Or, whom the rudder's wheel has thrown out to drown —
In our boiling,, unbottomed, fascinating baths of immunity.

MAN *(asleep)*.

All the world's a fleeting show, full of man's delusions.
Mine Head, my Dome, cracks to Doom for them — Oh! O..

HEAD.

Ha! ah! free at last, from that carcass — its furnace heats—
Liberty — and bowling along in whirligig — I go alone;
Free as the air — bumping, thumping and drinking in
I' the nostrils, whole gardens of fragrance—
Odors of orange blossom, jasmine, violets, vine and rose:
In opium and carnations reveling alike, and untouched —
Drinking all — good and evil — deadly night-shade or spirit fires.



Camerade in Camera Obscura.

Heaving liquid pours into the imagery of a floor and
Boiling up in fetid heats — bubbles race and burst — to Dome,
Showering mimic gems in lights and darks — A Phantasy Ship —
Or is it real — flys in — then chasing bubbles, pour inks —
Black, noisome to the sight — lugubrious in suggestion.

Musica.

Alarms! Demoniac and angelic noise begin; Reincarnation
Of all ear splitting and soothing sounds orchestrate and,
Stir noise, heathenish and heavenly, into music; turn the Earth
Around and 'round and cleave space — to the splitting, in twain:
Pipe, Pan, pipe in whistling tune mournfully;
Hum and strum Apollo; Diana, Tritons blow conch and horn;
Bay! wild hounds of the hunt bay: Cantonese scream falsetto;
Shriek Fife and Pipe — Bang your gongs and scream —
Again and again; Drummer roll the muffled drum — Death
Boom Tympan, the Doom to Dome: Danton, Marat, Robespierre,
Negro give the ging and chug of the Guillotine;
Rumple and crumple, Tools from Ethiopia, Trust, and Shop —
Rumble and roar the shuddering Chant of War,
Whang and grind, scrape and clatter o'er and o'er Dome —
To Doom — Hammer your chariot wheels and shout Mars —
Thunder Thor — Shriek, Sirens shriek, ye wild cats — Sirens
Shriek and wrawl your whining, withering blasts; for there —
On a lea shore the Ship of State is sighted — dismantled —
Doom — mismated and steered by Man's Obsessions to Whom . . .

CHORUS.

Ah! Writhing Furies cast the dies — ha! ha! ye owls;
Ye water ghouls — ye Sirens fling, hiss, the net ho! O —
Ye lumbering crafts floating nigh — ye ou, yo O —
Ho, ho — O — a whale — the cats they've missed, ha ha!
Oh, yea — they've missed the play, ha ha, ho ho, ye ou —

Musica.

Shriek out ye withering shriek owls — Sirens shriek.
Again and once more: For you've missed your play.

Camerade.

It bubbles again — and lo — a man's head flies to illusion's shores.

Musica.

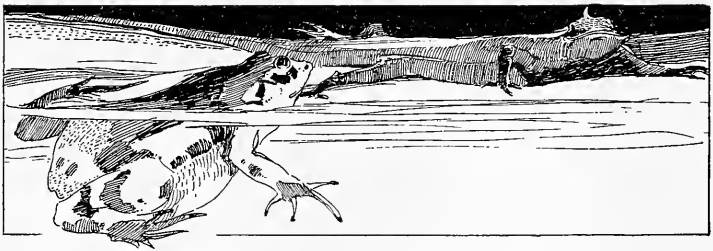
Softly there — muffled drums — To the Dome —

HEAD.

Unpoisoned, unsickened, free — but, now terrible to bear,
A dreadful nausea comes as my owner — how came he
In this noisome swamp — sets me on his shoulders again.
Pah! I am upside down, fool! To be treated so,
After being saved from that nasty pool by a Beast of the
Water sort — mamalia at that, and placed upside down, on
Masters shoulders, has a touch of the irony of Fate — with
A slap of the Satanic laughter: Houk, houk ye wild geese,
Laugh your way; but it won't set me right side up —
Pah! what an ill-smelling place.

Camerade.

The shadows of Hydra, the sluttish queen of libel, poisoning
Battles with the air in polluting fumes and struggles with vapid shapes·



MAN.

Near here, surely, must be the mires of sodden Destiny,
Where the chameleon and toad, alike, belly in monotony:
Despairing of deep pearly tones, and in pain of ashen sage,
Near by these must dwell, closed in jealous leaden rage:
Each choosing some chamber of slimy taints,
Aweary of bituminous and conflagrated paints,
Somewhere in these miring pools, all such must lip —
Naturally at last — in perpetuation, in greeny dips.

CHORUS.

Ah me! 'twere sad to feel, to think, O la la!
That from this bog — a hypocritic sink, O my,
O me, a swamp of sorry illuminations, ho, ho —
O, la la, a mischance in circulations, ha ha!
He's forced to wiggle out, with head all awry,
Ho, ho! O la — and recover his habilitation.,
Ha ha! ho ho! ye o–o–o–

Muzica.

Whom — where — to Dome or Doom —

MAN.

Was that the hour one, or the last of twelve?
Rustling leaves, a cool breeze — or do I dream? Ugh!—
Cobwebs — ghosts — or strands of Fate — which?
Do my ears echo memories — or drink in sweet music?
Am I falling down — down — in reels of spinning sound,
Heels up and head down — then up to down in time —
In measure with fast flying slippered feet and singing —
And snapping flames, or is it another — confusion? —
Those voices, and yet I see no creature's shape,
It were ever so in our unwary hours,
Strange fancies of by-gone frights and fairies,
More horrid than the damn'd, or sweeter — than —
Beauty's spells, turn underlanding around.

Camerade.

Something quivers back, the vail and Beauty shadows o'er.

Musica.

Lightly — softly tampan and castanets: Back cats — your turn's next.



The Graces: Mercy. Justice. Law.

CHORUS.

O Gladsome Sunbeams, enter here, hey ho, la la!
All gruesome shadows fly in fear, ha ha, he ho!
Ho Chuckling Cauldron, gurgle ha ha! and bubbling, O!
So, swallow, O ho, ye Cares, lay low, and troublings, ye ho!
Ye know!

Law. Muddle, paddle from the Brooks;
Jumble, scramble out ye Books;
Dancing Flames and Cauldron deep,
All confusion take and keep.

Justice. For each cracking nut, in Law,
To scorching embers, an asses' jaw;
Into Cauldron's simmering brew,
Go, all Statutes, in piece, to stew.

Mercy. For each crook'd Tale on printed sheet,
Yield a toad and a darksome Cheat;
Consuming flames of God's Creation,
Snatch all babblers for cremation.

CHORUS.

Glimmer, O glow, simmering, ye ho! good desires. hey ho!
O leap and lash O, gladsome fires, lay low, he hi;
Lay low, for Peace on Earth, ye ho! in man's relations,
Consume all ghouls, ha ha! contaminations, hey ho!
Ho ho! ho ho!

MAN.

What ho! There, voices more curious than sleep;
Is this the abode of Angels, or is it Hell?
(A titter ripples from the stage, the Gnomes and Spirits are about).

Musica.

Now Cats, shriek — Owls, begin: — The din of the Charivari
To the Brides of the Angels of the Red Lights.

CHORUS.

All the Earth'scome, Ship afire, in shrieking waters kissed—
By Siren, ye ho, in mad possession, and with horrid list—
Ye know, like a Noah's Ark of obsessions, ho ho — la ho!
Drives straight to the Devil, ye know — O la la la lo —

Muzica.

Alarms! Cerberus, bay: — Sirens wrawl and shriek.

Cemerade. .

The vail blackens, ripped by a ball of blistering heat — Hades yaups.

PLUTO.

Show, show, show his eyes and twist his head;
Come like fever and flow like molten lead.

Musica.

Hiss, swish and shriek Sirens; Rumple and crumple,
All the drums together: Clang, crash, smash and split
The Dome to Doom.



THE MAELSTROM

Camerade.

The fiery ball with hiss — I hear it — boils down — down —
And the dreadful vision of a flow swirls in mad leaps —
A maelstrom of liquid heat and fire — The ships' vanished.
A hell broth boils.

Musica.

To Doom from Dome — Stir noise Satanic around and
Up and down to Doom — Crash Comet to Earth — Smash —
Crunch, roar — The Doom—m—m—

PLUTO.

Open maw — like rat trap; go cankerously hot;
Rumble and shriek ye cursed entrails of Hell:
Glow, redden, blow, turn livid green and scorching white
And vomit Holocaust, Antichrist, Libel and Slander,
And hound this mishappened, misshapen creature home.

Camerade.

Black vapors blot the universe — or mine eyes are gone —

MAN *(running forward, throws himself prone).*

All Hades is let loose:

Musica.

Softly — there again — the Hunters are astray, and
Their din only mutters in the distance: Softly — out of
The other side comes a swelling song of praise —

Camerade.

A Cross shadows in the vapors — A Halo —

MAN.

And, I in despair of ever escaping finally, these mad scenes, or imaginings :
Cast me down for fiends delight and horrid visions fill.

Camerade.

A spectral Host — a Herald comes — confusing shadows and lights.

RUNNER *(enters).*

Nothing — a wrecked man's estate, but not
The Holy Grail *(exit).*

MAN.

The Holy Grail *(listens intently)* — a militant or malignant Host —
Which ? Bent on enriching itself at the cost of some fane :
Or, do these trampling hoofs and feet — the clanging —
The ringing of metal to metal—steel to steel commingling—
Laughter and shouts — the sound of harp and horn,
The swelling volume of song in praise—announces what—
The approach of Malevolence again—on me—
Or, is it a festival in procession wandering this way.
Or, are my ears asleep at last ; and I in Charon's care —
Myself moving towards din of devilish lullaby; crusaders—
No ! Quest of the Holy Grail—Marching knights, soldiers,
Priests and gay banners : and in Song of Praise — —
Oh ! Wondrous Brain, upside down—

Wary! my good fellows, you're trailed
By a dastardly crew:
The hellions hunting me have missed their game,
And stealthily follow you.
Wary! knights, priests, the unholy gang — oh shame!
Hydra like, trails the tracks of you;
My soul shivers, or shrivels — grows chill or hot;
As each vision of mine eyes—or are they mad imaginings---
Leave impression *(faints)*.

BEAST *(in distance)* He haw, yeunk, ye haw.

VOICES *(shouting in coarse ribaldry and laughter)*.

PLUTO.

Hold! molten malice and malignancy—malevolence, hold!

BEAST *(cries distressfully)*.

MAN *(coming out of swoon)*.

Sounds very like a donkey
Joining in his cries with my lost friends—the hunters—
bent on chasing me home—or to the Devil—which?
Surely those—
Not Macbeth, Shylock, Madame Roland — a sorry lot —
(listens) I guessed aright.

BEAST. He haw! Ye yunk!

SHYLOCK.

It's in the bond — I'll have the law!
A pound of flesh — I have a vow.
In Heaven — in my bond.

CREW *(laughing boisterously)* Where? Shylock.

BEAST (*emits cries again and: Sounds a blow behind*).

MACBETH.

Ha! ha! Death doth murder sleep!

PLUTO.

Hold, Shylock! this bond's lapsed in my realm;
Still, skin to those who skin for profit 's my motto.

SHYLOCK.

Oh wise! Oh learned judge — mark yon crew.

CREW. Meou, phit (*laughing*).

PLUTO.

Stop yon vixen — scullions, poisoners, libelers —
But as the beast's alive you'll wait till he's on the spit.

CREW.

Ha ha! mark no blood you'll spill — ha ha!
Oh wise! Oh learned judge — mark you, Jew,
Another laugh's on you: There's to be no skin.

PLUTO.

The law is always to be leavened with mercy:
Else there is no justice:
Come Maillard, that beheading business is yours.

MARAT.

Be bold, friend, ever bold and always bold.

BLONDEL.

Zing, ching, clug — the deed's done — no skin, Shylock.

CREW.

Ho ho! Ha, ye O! Horrible, head reeking blood —
A slaughter house—we tear our eye—our life—our entrail.
The mad horrors—Visions mock us—Evils wrench us—
O—suffering victims—our own hell—unhand—unhung—

MME. ROLAND.

O Liberty! how they have betrayed thee.

MAN.

Ugh! Misereacordia—ghastly. O, why my head's straight!

Musica.

Home —

MAN (*dazed*) What's the hour?

Musica.

Dome —

Camerade.

The fathomless depths—that lugubrious pool—
That imagery of a floor clarifies—turns grey in light;
The flush of rose and silver—then gold reflects back—Day
And, Aurora rise out of the mysteries of Doom—Morning,
And, from Dome she laughs back at grim, joking Morpheus,
The reckless Prince of Shadow, as he slips off the lap of Mother Earth.

Musica.

To Doom—

MAN.

All the world's a floating shadow—no, not so—
All the Earth's a Noah's Ark full of maniacs—
Where have I heard that ?

Muzica.

From, Home to Doom, to Dome —

MAN.

Home, Whom. Six o'clock, transmigrations' Visions crept ;
My head splits with memories—of whom—of whom—

HEAD.

Oh ! no friend—'tis your stomach's wrench—think—

CHORUS. (*faintly*]



LL the Earth's a Ship of State,
Full of man's contentions, hey ho ! lay low !
And if you'd see it sailing straight, he ho !
To Ports of redemption ye know, la ho !
Put the Brains of the Nation, ye ho, hi ho !
Now in fermentation, hi ho ! ha ho ! lay low!
At its rudder's wheel, for weal, heave ho !
Heave hearty, he ho ! ho ho ! O—

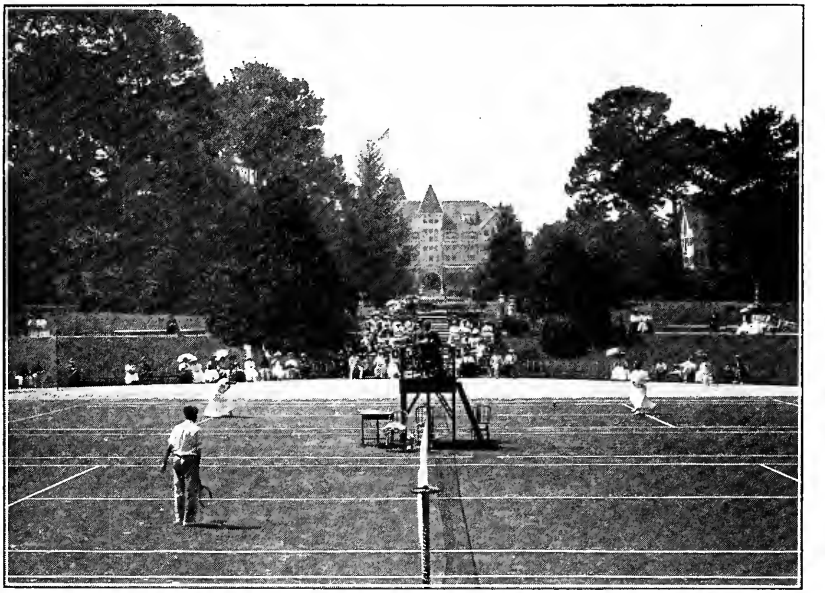


Epilogue.

HEAD.

Aye, blackguard, 'tis thy stomach's wrench, thy boilers 'burst,
Coming in the night, it sends me to Dome and you to Doom;
If thee wilt operate thy incorporate self by stomach's brain,
Nothing else may come but I to fly and you to bottoms gone:
So it came in the gloom, in a spasm of over heating,
I flew into the dark to roll and bump alone, in gardens—
In whole beds of fragrance I sped, in violets, rose and vine
I fled, o'er hill and dale, to an unfortunate brink, to fall—
Into Sirens laps I slipped, but they missed the play, and I—
Well, I fell to a Whale's jaw—escaping Hydriads waiting lips.
When you reach down, or I flew up to unbottomed sinks;
And, so it came in the middle of the night—at twelve—
When ghouls creep and visions creek, we roamed to Doom;
Though Hydra's stench we swept, and spider weavings, ugh!
Do you feel : ghosts, cobwebs, or strands of Fate—which?
And, so came in the night, at vale of Justice, Mercy and Law,
We were in sad plight together, with me upside down—
Madly we rushed—whirled in moral and immoral beats,
Thro' fetid heats, and chill, we flew and fled a sorry crew ;
Aye, Friend ! thy morality is o' the stomach, not the head,
So have a care on thy morality, else 'tis belched i' the dark,
And out again, among the gnomes 'twixt Dome and Doom.





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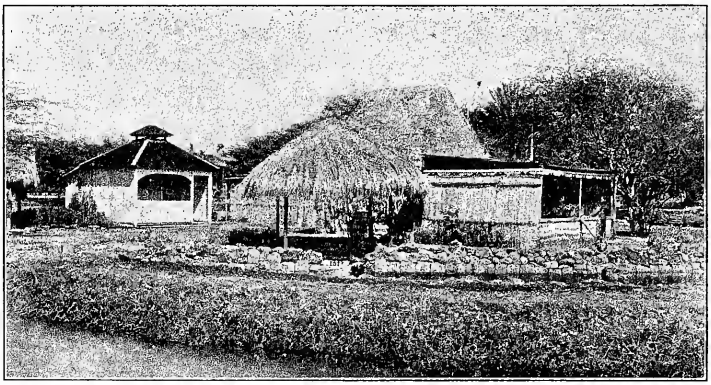
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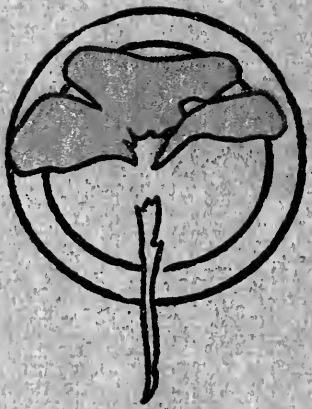
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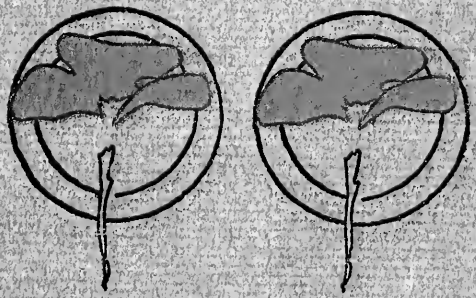
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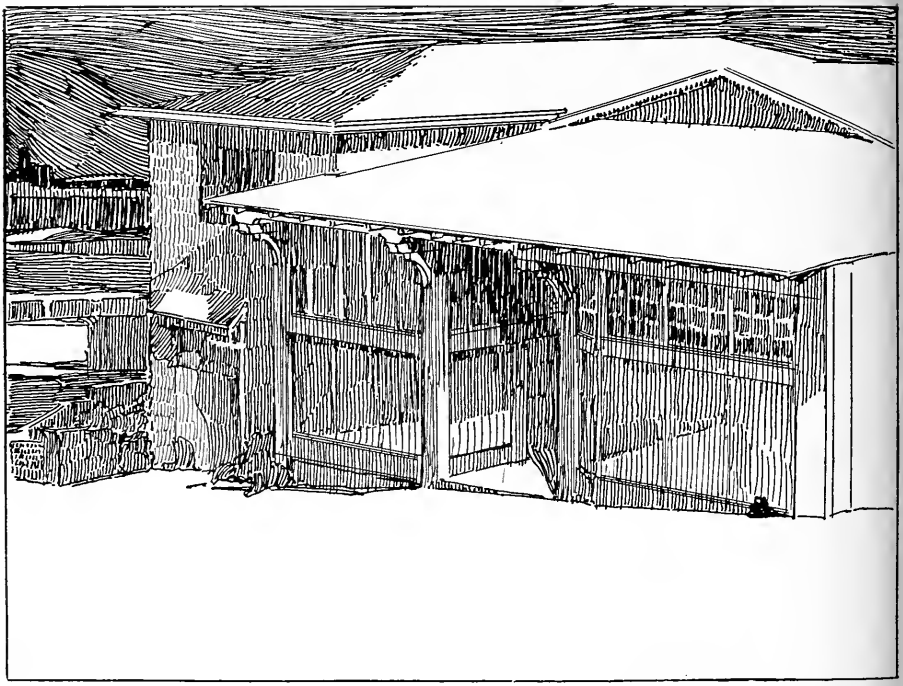
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— Phaedrus



STUDY OF FRAGMENT FOR ALTAR PIECE
By TITIAN

Our City's Need of a New Hospital

By Dr. Henry W. Gibbons

IF the whole civic body could be awakened to the imperative need of a new hospital, inestimable good would be accomplished. For years the City's sick have been inadequately housed, for years the hospitals have been mismanaged, for years the money appropriated by a wealthy city has been inadequate to care for the sick; and for years, those who know these conditions have been crying to the people for a remedy.

Thirty-six years ago the first and only City and County Hospital was erected as a temporary structure, with 450 beds. The population of San Francisco in 1872, at the time the Hospital was built, was 160,000. If the sick poor of our city of 160,000 in 1872 averaged 450, it is reasonable to suppose that with almost three times the population at the present day, our sick poor would average at least 1000. Where, then, with our accommodations for

only 450 patients, are the remaining 550 destitute sick cared for? You have need only to ask medical men whose practice lies among the people who live from hand to mouth, or members of the Associated Charities who see cases daily in their homes that should be cared for in a hospital, or you may ask those who examine patients for admittance into our City Hospital. From them you will learn that dozens of cases which sorely need treatment in hospitals are turned away because there is room only for those who are absolutely flat upon their backs. Consider for a moment what a drawback this inability to house needy patients is upon a community.

The old City and County Hospital was built of wood on the pavilion plan, consisting of seven two-story wood units, each accommodating about 30 or 40 beds, connected by a long closed corridor, with the administration building in the center. Heating, ventilating, disinfecting and plumbing were poor, and in addition to inadequate housing, the comforts of the patient were meagre. In no city of its size is the cost per day of each patient treated so small as it is in San Francisco. In the Boston City Hospital the cost per capita is $2.13, Massachusetts General $2.10, New York Hospital $1.80, Philadelphia $1.40,

Chicago $1.40, Presidio $1.40, San Francisco 83 cents. Of course, conveniences, hot water bags, trays, chairs, ice bags, were few and enjoyed by the lucky ones.

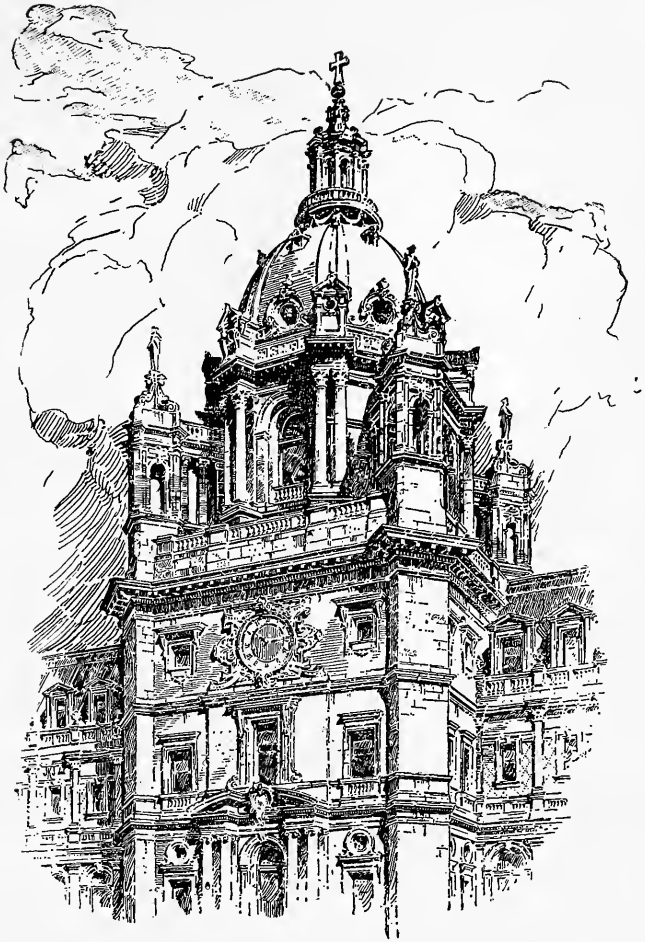
There was no segregation of patients, beds were three feet apart, and a patient was accommodated wherever and whenever a bed was found vacant.

In Berlin there are three of the finest modern hospitals, occupying collectively 124 acres of ground. The largest of these, the Virchow Hospital, comprises 53 separate buildings, laid out on broad avenues, adorned with shrubbery and shade trees. The capacity of the hospital is 1650 beds for patients and 550 for the staff, nurses and attendants. In addition to the one and two story pavilions for the sick, are separate buildings for each of the following purposes: a lay-director's house, two medical directors' houses, administration building, nurses' home, kitchen, laundry, workshop, pathological department, experiment house, wagon house, disinfection building, gymnasium, chapel, ice house, water tower, filtration plant, crematory, bath house and power house. In the instructions to the architect who erected the hospital, the trustees state that, "The buildings should be designed to make a pleasing impression in form and color

on the inmates for whom a cheerful environment is an important consideration". The motto over the entrance might well be copied by San Francisco: "While treating the disease, do not omit to treat the man". The cost of this most complete institution was only $2,250 per bed, which, allowing for cheaper building in Germany, compares with $3,000 to $3,500 per bed, common in the United States.

The wards are carefully arranged for ventilation, steam heat, lighting, etc., and connected to each one are small rooms where patients may be isolated either for their own benefit or for that of the others in the ward. Dry rooms are provided for convalescents and there is easy access to the grounds. The Virchow bath house is fitted with Roman, Turkish, hot air, electric baths, showers, douches, massage rooms, and so on.

Our City's sick are distributed in private hospitals. The City Ordinance requires the hospital to be a Class A fire-proof building. The $2,000,000 bond issue to build the hospital has been voted by the people. The crying need is apparent. The faithful services rendered by medical men in the past is assured, to relieve and restore the patient, and enable him in the shortest time to continue the work of building up and enriching our city.



ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL, NEW YORK CITY

Philopolis

VOL. II AUGUST 25, 1908 No. 11



WHAT is Business as an Art, and where is it? "All our arts and occupations," as Stevenson says, "lie wholly on the surface; it is on the surface that we see their beauty, fitness and significance: and to pry below is to be appalled by their emptiness, and shocked by the coarseness of the strings and pulleys." For this the amateur, with little of knowledge and little of skill, enlarges the importance of the crudest of elements. Still the arts at the base are mechanisms, and become worthy only by measure of the skill of the artist. Therefore it is said quite truly that art, fine and otherwise, is the scientific, the skillful, comprehending use of a medium for a definite purpose — a conclusion fixed in the beginning. Ruskin's idea that one who fails is the

best of critics would seem rather illogical, considering that no business, regardless of exceptions, places failure as an ultimate object to be deliberately labored for. With the foregoing in view, it is easily to be understood why some are so quick to criticise the able business artist, and at the same time place so much confidence in the roughest mechanisms of commercial business. Book-keeping and systems of checks and counter checks are almost creative forces in the visions of amateur business people. And we have seen those who have been so completely under the sway of these inanimate objects that it appeared preferable that their businesses would lose themselves rather than have a bit of dust shaken off the systems. A quasi-public institution has come to our attention which has altered its book and check system three times within twelve years, and yet the yearly balance sheet shows quite clearly that, instead of devoting its energies to avowed purposes, it is merely an eleemosinary institution for typewriters and clerks. Still the slightest criticism of the said society, from a business point of view, always creates an emotional reaction bordering on hysteria. The word business flies about as if business were an abstract quality — a species of theurgy,

only the elect might understand. Now, after mature consideration and a careful analysis of the art — business — we have found the explanation in the well-known erratic movements of empiric arts, and in the not so well understood melancholia attending the practice of an art that is based on tissues of no great stability. So it is essential that business shall be lifted out of the realm of empiricism. This belief in gold bricks, this super-sensitive faith in book-keeping, must be removed from the community. For 'tis a grievous waste — the folly of it consisting mostly in that danger which always attends man when he allows his subjective mind to control his dual mental organizations. It has been noted by psychologists and physicists that this condition is usually brought on by artificial measures — the use of stimulants in excess, and by excessive flattery on the ego of certain individuals. Politicians, of little executive or financial ability, and owing to the adulation they receive, often truly believe that they can satisfy ability as weak as their own — raise it to heights of rare accomplishment — by law. We quite erroneously lay these attempts to chicanery ; but our analysis of business as an art reveals the truth : all such efforts are tricks of the subjective mind, born of excessive love of

official position — a species of hypnotism all artists are subject to who are possessed by a small amount of knowledge, rather than possessing it. The fine art of business then is accompanied with all the dangers of the arts in general. All these strange freaks and fevers of artists in the pursuit of accomplishment belong to no class, but are bestowed by nature on all and without favor. As Herbert Spencer says, philosophers and scientists, as well as poets, painters and musicians, have imaginations — they see things. Business has visions of gold bricks, the beautiful arts in a stagnant institution of accountants and nondescripts, and see them beautifully housed in a miserable shack. They see in a vacuous pamphlet "a report of progress," financial success and good business, and fail to note the same is unidentified and unsigned. Note the abstracted — lack of business sign — of the subjectively controlled "business man" when required to act on some project which is already accomplished theoretically on paper. He will place the palm of his hand in a manner to obstruct all view of the thing he is supposed to consider. and give you a dissertation on the inarticulate. And it is here where most bad business is accomplished; that clever creature who

always watches the main "business chance" slips in, and the plum well ripened falls to the wrong mouth — unless there is someone present able to turn the trick, so to say. And you now know why the dummy is placed in high quarters, why a board of public works of a first-class city in America usually consists of men whose ideas in regard to accounts, business, building, architecture, and street cleaning, are as vague as the term business. They are easier subjects for hypnotic influence.

Therefore we have not looked for the fine art of business in quasi-public or in public institutions, but in our trusts and public utilities corporations. While the general principles of social or political economy and finance — the arts of avoiding folly and friction in a social fabric — may never be laid down with such definite illustration as would convince all that these sciences — fairly comprehended in action — form the base of a community's welfare and stability; still the fact that it is somewhat dangerous to thrust interference into the channels of natural circulation, is well recognized by the intelligence of every society. The salary of a quasi-public or a public official is not contingent upon successful business; but is oftentimes based on the abuse of the law and

the office. With our larger private ventures the reverse holds good; so we are to expect the heads of these to obey nature a little. The visionary, the amateur, and the not at all, soon drop out of office. Again, public office, under our rotten precedent, offers nothing in the way of a career or any independence of movement: so all the real ability, second class, in public office, is in deputyships.

And there you have it — the hysteria of public business — its fits and starts — the petty quarrels over details of no consequence, the passion for vast schemes, and the neglect of the duty at the door. These are all evidence of an existing state of empiricism and hypnotism in business, as business relates to quasi-public and public institutions. Our sound men of affairs are never to stem the stream of public waste until the people practice the same principle in choice of government servants they follow in private ventures. A little less abuse of corporations and trusts and specialists, and a little more care in choosing specialists for public services, would do more to show up the hiding place of good business than — well, than we could by writing about it.

Philopolis

SPECIALISTS may be narrow, but keen edged tools cut deeply. 'Tis many a long day since the veriest pretence of a cover for broad dullness, that pedagogic platitude that much knowledge in any one direction makes the prejudiced, unreliable man, has been laid bare to its shallow interior. And from where do we get this business platitude? Out of the old academic cult of the school, to be sure. Nearly a score of college presidents got caught on the simple question: "What sort of a man does your school aim to produce?" And one in particular opens out the emptiness of our modern educational business in a story so humorously at variance with his application, that it will stand repeating:

A fakir, amusing a crowd of idlers by placing a chameleon on different colored bits of cloth, caught the attention of a Scotchman, who immediately threw down his plaid for the beast to match in color, but it died in the attempt. The educational lesson drawn was that a schooling covering too much ground acted on the man very much as the colored cloth reacted on the chameleon.

True so far, but the learned gentleman continued: "Specialism is a very bad thing in education," and then the climax: "A man should take that broad education" (which killed the chameleon). When will our educators learn that the smaller contains the elements of the larger; just as the larger holds the smaller: that man may not learn one thing in all its four quarters without seeing the universe.

Did you ever hear the story of the tipsy geese:



Intoxicated Geese

"  HEN geese take to drink the result is preposterous. For nature never meant geese to get intoxicated. In the first place, they have no hands to hold on to lamp-posts with; while at the best of times, their balance is precarious. Even when sober, a fat goose, if travelling on uneven ground, constantly cants forward on to its beak, or backward on to its tail; but when inebriated it is utterly helpless. A short while ago, a farmer's wife in Germany had been making some cherry brandy, but as she found during the process, that the fruit was unsound, she threw the whole mass out in the yard, and, without looking to see what followed, shut the window. As it fell out, a party of geese, good fellows all of them, happened to be waddling by at the time, and, seeing the cherries trundling about, at once investigated them. The preliminary inquiry proving satisfactory, these misguided poultry set to and ate the whole lot. "No heeltaps" was the order of the carouse,

and so they finished the cherries off at one sitting, so to speak.

The effect of the spirituous fruit was soon apparent, for on trying to make the gate which led from the scene of the debauch to the horse-pond, they found everything against them. Whether a high wind had got up. or what had happened, they could not tell, but it seemed to the geese that there was an uncommonly high sea running, and the ground set in toward them with a steady, strong swell that was most embarrassing to progress. To escape these difficulties some lashed their rudders and hove to; others tried to run before the wind, while the rest tacked for the pig-sty. But there was no living in such weather, and one by one, the craft lurched over and went down all standing. Meanwhile the dame, the unconscious cause of this disaster, was attracted by the noise in the fowl-yard, and looking out, saw all her ten geese behaving as if they were mad. The gander himself, usually so solemn and decorous, was balancing himself on his beak, and spinning round the while in a prodigious flurry of feathers and dust, while the old gray goose, remarkable even among her kind for the circumspection of her conduct, was lying stomach upwards in the gutter, feebly gesticu-

lating with her legs. Others of the party were no less conspicuous for the extravagance of their attitudes and gestures, while the remainder were to be seen lying in a helpless confusion of feathers in the lee scupper — that is to say, the gutter by the pig-sty.

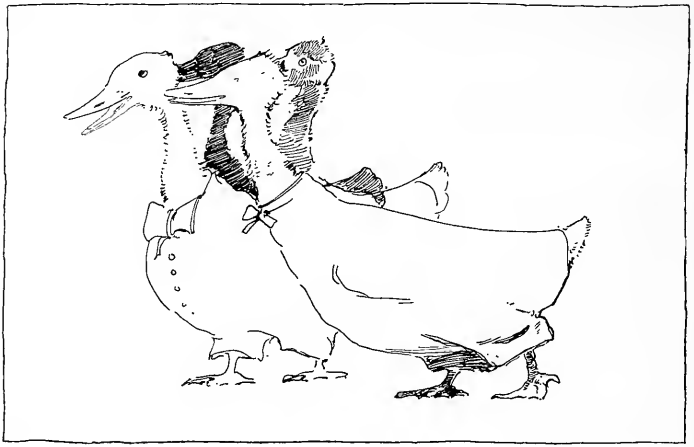
Perplexed by the spectacle, the dame called in her neighbors, and, after careful investigation, it was decided in council that the birds had died of poison. Under these circumstances their carcasses were worth nothing for food, but, as the neighbors said, the feathers were not poisoned, so they set to work then and there and plucked the ten geese bare.

Next morning the good woman got up as usual, and remembering the feathers downstairs, dressed betimes, for it was market day and she hoped to get them off her hands at once. But as she approached the door on these decent rites intent, and was turning the key, there fell on her ears the sound of another familiar voice — and then another and another, until at last the astonished dame heard in full chorus the well-known accents of all her plucked and poisoned geese. The throat of the old gander was no doubt a trifle husky, and the gray goose spoke in muffled tones suggestive of a chastening head-

ache ; but there was no mistaking those tongues, and the dame fumbling at the door, wondered what it all might mean. Has a goose a ghost ? Did anyone ever read or hear of the spectre of a gander ? The key turned at last, the door opened, and there, quacking in subdued tones, suppliant and shivering, stood all her flock. There they stood, the ten miserable birds, with splitting headaches and parched tongues, contrite and dejected, asking to have their feathers back again.

The situation was painful to both parties. The forlorn geese saw in each other's persons the humiliating reflection of their own condition, while the dame was guiltily conscious of that bagful of feathers and down. She and her neighbors with her, however, had hastily misjudged the geese, and, finding them dead drunk, had stripped them, without remembering for a moment, that if feathers are easy to get off they are very hard to put on. So she called in her neighbors again, but they proved only sorry comforters, for they reminded her that, after all, the fault was her own ; that it was she, and no one else, who had thrown the brandied cherries to the geese. As it was with Job, these "oblique expostulations" of her friends were harder for the widow to

bear "than the downright blows of the devil," and so, turning from her neighbors, she gathered her bald poultry about her round the kitchen fire, and sat down to make them flannel jackets."



Philopolis



RITICISM of the higher courts of justice, in relation to the graft cases, bordering on criminal libel, loses its grave aspect the moment one peruses a magazine or newspaper article that grapples with the law, as it were. Jacob struggling with the angel is not more wonderful than the suddenly moralized wrestling with the law. Verily, these hideously error stricken persons are more fit for our commiseration and the attention of a committee for the examination of the weak-minded, than San Quentin. Any American citizen has a right to differ with the Supreme Court of justice on a point of ethics, or æsthetics either, for that matter. But we question the right of any American citizen to make complete exhibition of his misunderstanding of common justice, the law and morality, in public print, and all in the same breath and on the same page.

When the black bull ceases to recur in the white herd; when the race of witch burners and the line of the inquisition, and when the end of the family that tested innocence with red hot pokers, are run out, we will talk about changing our methods of trying accused

persons. To all those who believe that an accused should be considered guilty before the law, and to all those who believe an accused should be compelled to testify against himself, and to all those who engage themselves in sweating accused persons, we recommend some country, or a hotter place, where the reverse conditions are legal — the law. What is behind the vociferous cry for enforcement of the law, and then a stentorian shout for a change in the law. Has some one lost his chickens, or his head — which?



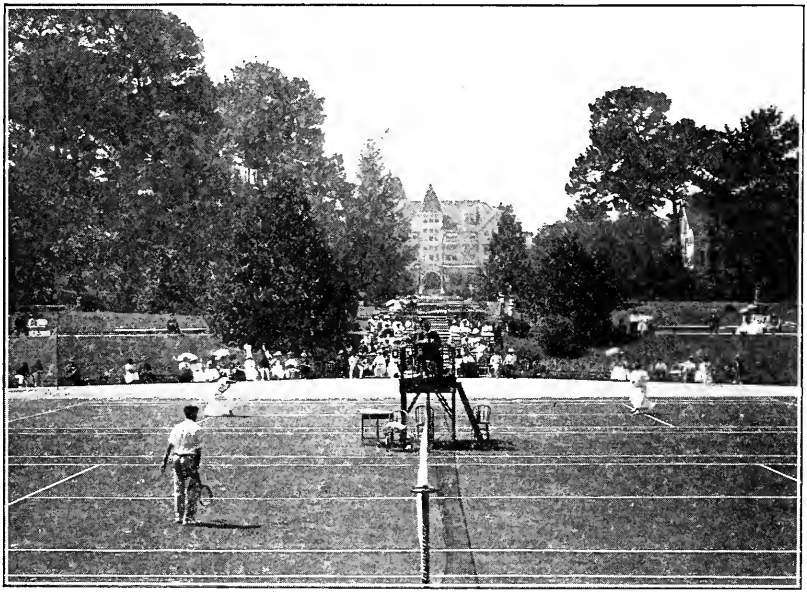
HAT the fine arts should forget the sunshine in the Sacred Wood once in a while, and hold the blackened mirror up, is so much a part of the true philosophy that one is pained almost in these days to feel under the obligation of telling the world at large that too much sweet sours the stomach. A Chimney sweep, of sooty depths of visage, mayhap, if it were not for the gentler arts, might see in himself the beau ideal. And it is perhaps so with complacency: having moved itself, so to say, from all contact with visible corruption, it might lead us to believe eventually that the concealed cancer is less

malignant than the exposed variety. At the same time none should accept either the "funny cartoon" minus humor, devoid of beautiful skill or the smut of the unclean as legitimate means of bringing the shady side of life into view. For these are the expressions — perfectly natural — of the things the fine arts, when they do lay aside the prettier object, are supposed to illustrate to the confusion of the wicked. All of which is about the same as saying, that behind every tragedy or criticism there should be an intense desire for peace and beauty — peace and beauty, yes, but not the peace and beauty of complacency. From our point of view there is a vast difference between stirring a stream for the pleasure of seeing the mud come to the surface, and keeping it in healthful activity. Sticking needles into stagnant collective bodies, into self-satisfied individuals, is a health giving occupation. All such, as a matter of course, are apt to energise the slow witted, and force them into absurd activities; still where there is action there is a show for the perpetuation of institutions and the species. It is this, peace on earth and "beauty" at any price, philosophy that leads to corruption — that builds abominations — that disguises the sooty chimney sweep — that

sours the stomach of the complacent individual. But when it comes to asking us directly, or insinuating that our City Hall shall not be criticised, we ask blandly, how it is expected to let the sunshine into life, unless the cobwebs are swept from the skies. As the mayor of New York has said of another building: "The very looks of it drives men to crime." And its very presence induces criticism of the present city government.

"Gentlemen may cry peace, peace, but there is no peace"— so long as that menace to our lives, our liberties, and beauty — that gaunt, misshapen, mishappened thing stands as a reminder of the vulgar ambitions of the days gone by. Complacency can't sit on such a pedestal, and its shadows obstruct all sunshine that struggles to find its way into our new complacent habitation.





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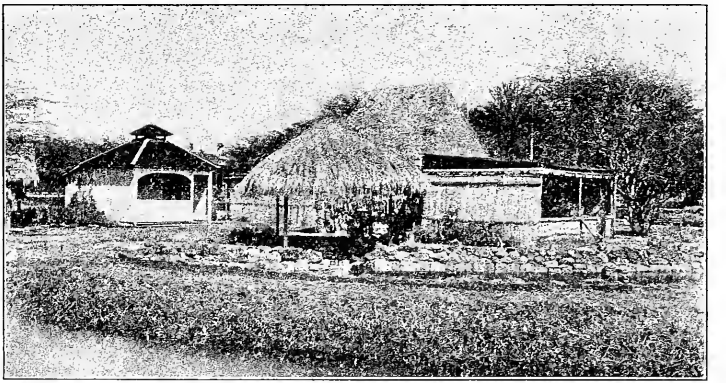
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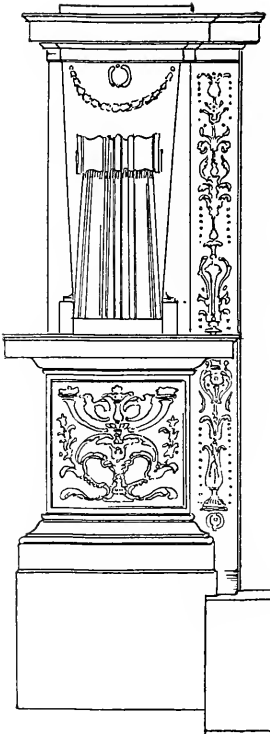
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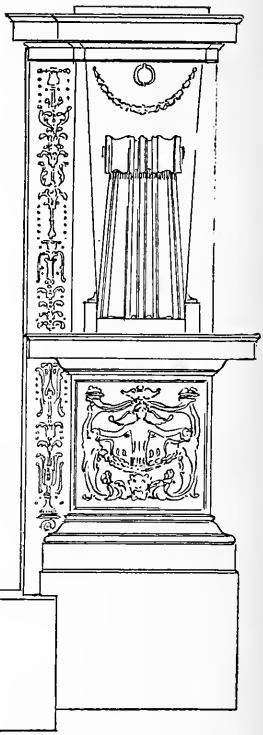
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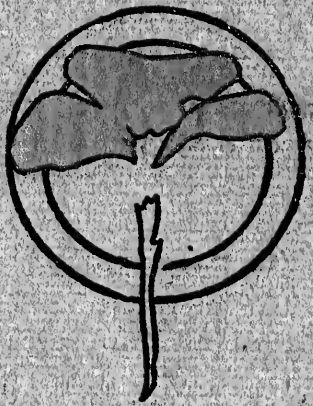
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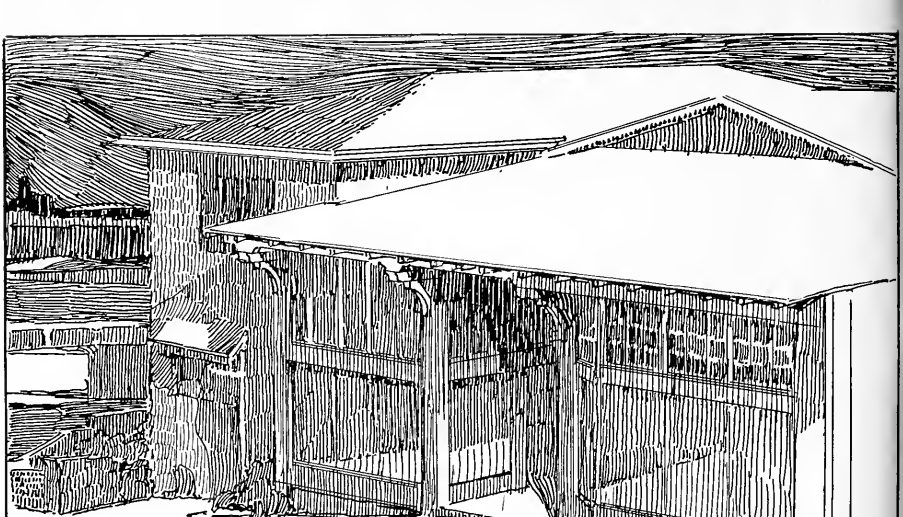
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Possibilities

By Frederick J. Teggart.

IN the course of our night-long debates many old friends of controversy were brought back from the refuge of unsettled questions. So on an occasion the poet expressed the belief that in all history there had never been a period so well worth living in as our own day. The dramatist scorned this enthusiastic view; not because he was dissatisfied with the present, but he held that since the beginning of time the men of every generation had felt in exactly the same way. Here the critic

suggested that such a sentiment did not seem deeply rooted in the mind of the man who described himself as

"The idle singer of an empty day."

Morris was no pessimist, he said, nor could Matthew Arnold be described aptly by that term, even though he had written

"The world . . .
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain."

So many men, it turned out, had lived and died in the conviction that "the times are out of joint", that the objector was reduced to silence, and the conversation moved on by various stepping-stones to the possibilities foreshadowed in the inventions, discoveries and developments of which we are unreflecting witnesses.

The joy of living that is ours proceeds from the notable release that the spirit of man has experienced in this generation; barriers that seemed permanent have been removed, problems of life that perplexed our fathers give us no concern; we ourselves are part of a great forward movement, and the sense of motion fills us with aspiration and with hope. This was the poet's

view. A stream which has just broken through an old obstruction, in the moment of its release is turbulent and foam-flecked; and while the confusion made by the break subsides shortly, the waters long continue to rush forward, the pent up energy adding to their motion, covering the ground from which they had been excluded.

The generation of Matthew Arnold

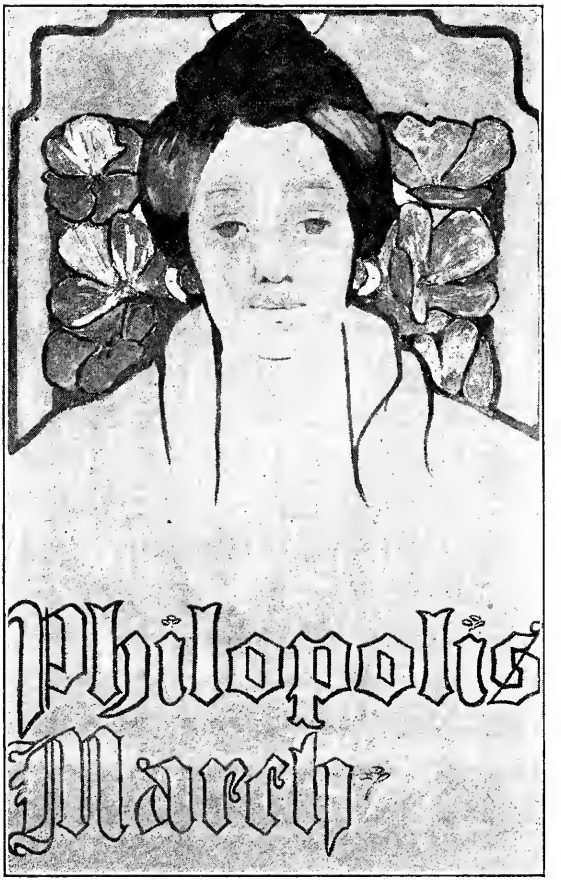
> "brought forth and rear'd in hours
> Of change, alarm, surprise—"

was caught in the swirl of the intellectual upheaval of the nineteenth century. It was harassed and perplexed and continued to be disturbed in mind Its strength was spent in endeavoring to save some cherished objects from the wreck. Its consciousness was dominated by a sense of loss—unaware that even the succeeding generation would not share in its trouble and dismay. For we, borne upon the same waters, are not concerning ourselves with the memory of an old quietude which we never knew, but are thrilled by the sights of the new land through which we are being hurried. How swiftly the current is bearing us along cannot now be estimated, for we are moving with it, and the measurement can only

be made from a distance. But as we mark the rapidity with which new objects are passed and are forgotten at once in the excitement of newer discoveries; and as we mark the subsidence of wonder in the voyageurs while the marvel of the surroundings increases rather than diminishes, we cannot escape the conviction that there is something unwonted in the rate of motion.

Thus to take a purely material example, the telephone is an invention more wonderful than that of printing, an invention great enough to signalize an age, but it no longer excites a comment, completely absorbed as it has been into the fibre of our lives. Of more recent origin the automobile has also become a commonplace; further still, we read of the voyage of a fleet of submarines and are not astonished, we learn of the actual success of the airship and mention it that we may have the opportunity of assuring others that we had always been confident of the result.

The fact is these new devices have followed each other with a rapidity which leaves no opportunity for emotion beyond an exclamation of incredulity or satisfaction. But if the changes, in the midst of which we are set, give us no "leisure to grow wise", it may be that the



PHILOPOLIS POSTERS BY LUCIA K. MATHEWS

possibilities inherent in these changes will bring wisdom to our doors. Europe invaded to its utmost recesses by the cosmopolitan automobile cannot remain the same Europe as before ; but Europe at the mercy of the airship will be something quite different still — what, no man may say. This is certain, however, that we are entering upon a new epoch in the history of international relations. The war-lords are already framing for themselves picturesque day dreams of battles in the clouds, but the deadly stealth of the airship sailing its uncharted sphere, and the unhampered communications of the " wireless ", must render war impossible. The awe-inspiring possibilities of destruction under this new regime, putting a nation in jeopardy to a dozen men, can lead, one imagines, to but a single conclusion, the obliteration of the insanity of international strife.

The achievements of our time are far from being restricted to inventions of new mechanical forms. Now and then the public mind is stirred by the news of some scientific discovery, such as that of the properties of radium. For a moment our attention is arrested, we question our neighbors, but before much information has filtered through the crowd that separates us from the

demonstrator, we turn to examine some nearer wonder. Yet the discovery of radium is of typical importance, for it suggests the possibility that we are surrounded by unknown realms, which require for their conquest nothing beyond eyes and an understanding.

The possibilities that hover around the work of the scientist open new gateways to our imagination. Darwin's great influence on the mind of the nineteenth century was due not so much to his discoveries as to the idea in the light of which he made a new examination of established facts. The intellectual revolution of the last century was a result of the reinterpretation of old material. But what can be imagined of the interpretation of all the vast accumulation of new facts that has been made during the last fifty years? It is not likely that the present generation will have the privilege of knowing what that next great theory will be, and so, one thinks, we may allow our minds to play at times with the imaginings inspired by the later growths upon the tree of knowledge.

An alluring idea current at the present moment, the contribution of a botanist, has reference to the part played in evolution by the "sport" — the sudden leaping

out of a new species from an old stock. In this way man may have originated, not by the slow accumulation of minute variations, but suddenly, at a definite instant, and without warning. The imagination of the poet cannot fail to be stirred to its depths at the possibilities lying behind this new theory. How many "sports" more wonderful than mankind, may have been produced, and sacrificed? Is it quite certain that all the dreams, entertained by the elder peoples, of demigods have been untrue? Why treat mythologies as baseless inventions when in some Grecian wood there may have lived a god-like race? Is it not possible that even since history began to be recorded, beings of a wholly superior type may have appeared? You may recall certain stories; one of them, at least, is well known.

But the future may hold possibilities for the development of man without the intervention of the wonder working "sport". Nothing in modern life is more suggestive than the effort which is being made to reduce to a scientific basis the phenomena that we are accustomed to designate "psychic". In regard to the value of this effort there is a great divergence of opinion, but the fact remains that men are taking a new interest in these

matters, and this seems to me to have a significance of its own.

There was a point in the history of the race at which man became conscious of his physical being; one may imagine a reflection of this in the story of the Garden of Eden. Much later there was a point, upon which we should be able to place a finger, when man became conscious of his processes of thought; this was one of the world's great moments. But today we seem to be on the very verge of realizing a new phase of consciousness, and of this the interest shown in "psychical research" is a symptom. For ages men have dimly perceived the evidence of "thought transference" and other manifestations of a human faculty whose activities and laws are as yet undetermined. It is singular that such matters should have been relegated until recently to the attention of the half-educated and of charlatans; and even now it is not quite certain that men may interest themselves in the working of their own minds without losing caste. But if in the course of a generation we should become conscious of our "psychical" powers, as formerly of our processes of thought, a revolution would be effected which would change the entire outlook of the race.

Philopolis

In whatever direction we look, by whatever road we travel, change and the possibility of change surrounds us. It may be for this reason that many men are striving, however blindly and unconsciously, for stability under the form of religion. There have been during the last century too many discoveries, too many additions to our knowledge, too many forcible appeals to our imagination, to leave us content with any inherited philosophy of life, or with any old-time basis of belief. The following of "strange gods" has become a byword among us, and excites derision in many minds, but a little sympathy added to our judgment will enable us to perceive that this is a symptom indicating a great possibility of the nearer future. Numbers of men do not turn from one religion to another, from one teacher to another, out of idle curiosity, but because of hearts unsatisfied and unrealized aspirations. It is, however, essentially useless to say "go back", or to seek for a way of escape through the teachings of any prophet whose voice has had its hearing. However noble, however right, however helpful the older messages may be, they cannot be readjusted to meet the new needs created by new conditions of life. The deed once done may never be undone, the opportunity once



POSTAL TELEGRAPH BUILDING

LEWIS HOBART, *Architect.*

sacrificed or misused may never be embraced a second time. We cannot retrace our way through the past, even though memory cherishes the thought of occasions upon which we could now improve. We have no eyes in the back of our head and if we persist in straining our regretful gaze upon the path we have already traversed, we must of necessity miss the possibilities that lie in the way before us.

The significant fact of which we must take cognizance is that all civilization is moving forward with ever increasing rapidity upon a road whose direction we cannot even surmise and whose end is entirely hidden from our view. Under such conditions the possibilities of the future are strangely fraught, so that as we look, according to our light, we may see a land of promise or a valley of dry bones. It is not probable, however, that the prospect will appear wholly alluring to any eyes. Many of the possibilities of the immediate future excite apprehension. It is a strange symptom, very apparent at the present, that men are ready to acknowledge the claims, however founded, of those who put themselves forward as leaders. Nor is it the initiatory genius, who is so honored, but the self-confident individual who would

bestride the world. Being without guidance, hurrying forward without time to take counsel, we seem eager to put ourselves under tutelage to any conspicuous person whose words are positive, dogmatic and assured.

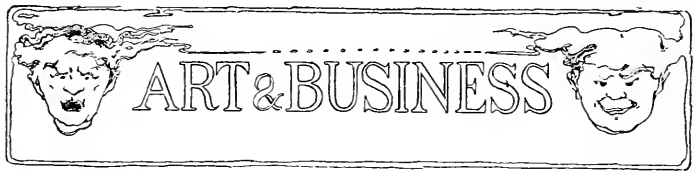
There seems to be no limit that we will set upon the extent of power that an assertive personality may arrogate to himself at our expense. So at a crucial moment while we are seeking understanding we are in reality educating masters for ourselves. This is a menace to all the great possibilities that lie before us, and one that can be only overcome by individual vigilance and the courageous exercise of independent thought.



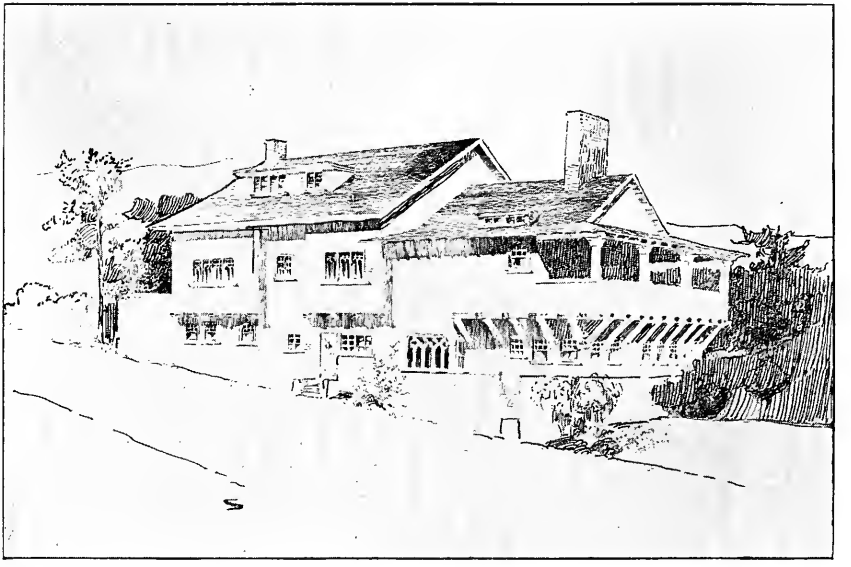


Philopolis

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TECHNICAL judgment and criticism has always been held up to scorn by that school of analysis which covers its confusion — almost constitutional, in the synthetic sense — with the axiom that much knowledge is a dangerous, a twisted thing. Knowing this to be a mere subterfuge, it naturally comes that we view the complaint against the Appellate and Supreme Courts, for their technical decisions, very much in the light of the funny side of things. However honest and sincere such criticism may be, it should be borne in mind and made quite apparent to all, that the man who wields the surgeon's knife is apt to be a sorry butcher unless he knows all the strings and pulleys of that mechanism we call man. One may entertain much of faith in impulsive appreciation —



HOUSE OF LEON SLOSS.

EDGAR A. MATHEWS, *Architect.*

that appreciation which comes of love of justiee and good things in general; and he may also trust the judgment of such very largely in generalities. But when it passes that judgment dictates the setting aside of precedent or the alteration of a work, appreciation not sustained by specific knowledge — technical and otherwise — is of but little actual service to humanity.

The laborer in the vineyard might be cheered by appreciative endeavor towards his assistance; he might also be irritated by carping criticism to redoubled energies for anger at fools; but the fact always stands forth that none but the Master and the workers' own wits can help his deeds to happy conclusion. At the same time no man should avoid the sounding of his thoughts through the voice. For the stomach's sake at least the thought should be allowed to sally forth. However this iu not the point. The real issue is, that the voice of inexperience often recalls the discoverer to localities. Not that the voice of inexperience directs the way, but in the confusion of endeavor to locate it, the discoverer is brought to a sense of where his feet tread.

In other words the laborer in God's vineyards is often in a condition bordering somnambulism out of sheer

excess of sincerity and applied energies — a condition not to be confused in the slightest degree with habitual daylight sleep walking. Any cry out of nothingness will awake a sleeper; but it often requires a broadside of artillery to break the spells of concentrated brain activity. I have known of a whole family to come to a vivid physical consciousness of danger abroad, by the passing of a servant through a doorway leading from the dining-room to the kitchen, as the clock struck twelve. The change from muffled stroke of gong to sharp ring was enough to awake the household and sound a burglar-alarm. We sleep through the pounding of the engines of a steamship, and start up in affright the moment it ceases to grind. If all the world were to cease to whirl for an instant, all the people would rush about — awakened, so to say, into new and strange conditions with attending novel sensations. That they would not be conscious of the reason of their confusion until the earth hit something in a downward drop, or became congealed in want of activity, goes without argument. Still it were a sorry game to stay the voice of the people; for if the people did not noise about, who would be awake.

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ETWEEN the habit of merely performing the functions of trusteeship within technical limits — that perfunctory way of just neglecting to allow an institution to fritter its efforts away in the semblance of effort, and the deliberate use of technicalities for the purpose of steering it in a wrong direction, there is no moral difference. Mankind has no more right to shirk accepted responsibilities than it has to smash them. To leave one's ward on the roadside to starve is no better than to crack its head on the stones thereof.

And yet it would appear that we (collectively) are losing something of our judicial understanding of these differences which are likes. The lackadasical manner with which a public trust is performed with us, and the looseness with which we regard these perfunctory performances, has led to that strangely misapplied appelation, in slang, "the higher ups". No gift from the American people is higher than public office. No trusteeship is higher up. Therefore no criminal plunge is

deeper than that of a public official who is guilty of breaking trust with the people. It may be necessary on occasions to give such higher up's immunity baths for the sanitation of a community: but to call a man, merely for his riches, a higher up, is setting an indecent example before the children — which reminds me:



E had the temerity, once upon a time, to insist that a bricklayer, in the act of laying one brick upon another, was not creating — as only God creates. According to the Master and the lexicographer, God created the earth, artists and poets produce some things, and the beast labors and reproduces and perpetuates his kind in ignorance.

The offence, if there is one, is not mine; for I wrote neithcr the bible nor the dictionary. Every man, perhaps, has the seed of artistry planted within him. Because he does not cultivate it, or cares not for the full flower of his possibilities, may not be laid at any door but his own. Drawing and painting and poetry, are not the only arts on earth, although I have found the first quite sufficient to engage all my attention since the age of

ten. There are others, and I take my pride in those who know them better than I, in the full appreciation of mine own endeavors. Where others draw, even badly, and have something to say, I joy with them : but where those who have not and can not, I frown and then smile with the children who know.

The artist, even in the child, can not be spoiled for aye and anon, no matter how strenuonsly the bad game is tried. Any man may draw, or color, or write, and remain a man for all that. But no child ever remained a child, or ever wrote or drew a "spontaneous story" after taking a "spontaneous public school story system" And I ought to know, for the labor of removing its obstructive effect on the child has been mine. It takes fifteen years to liberate the spontaneity of a public school taught artist.

We have all had our experiences in public school art. I had mine — mostly pleasant, for there was little of the system in those days, and the instructor was sympathetic though not learned. No art shock ever came to me until I visited, at the age of thirteen, the premises of the Art Association, as my school happened to be the foot hills of California. At a later date the extreme pain of seeing

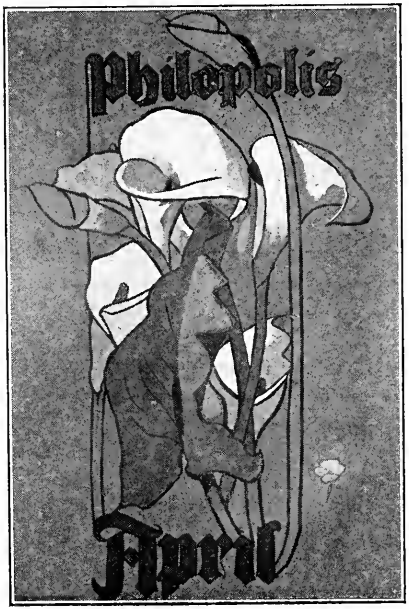
art students stiffly copying the antique on paper, when they would better have been playing the goat in the open, came to me on a visit to the "Art School" on Pine street, But the pain was eased in still later life when, as chief instructor in that sorry den, a sedate and serious committee of awards told me that my student antique drawing was bad because—well, because it looked like life. If it were not for our critics where would the humor, the joy, of life come in.

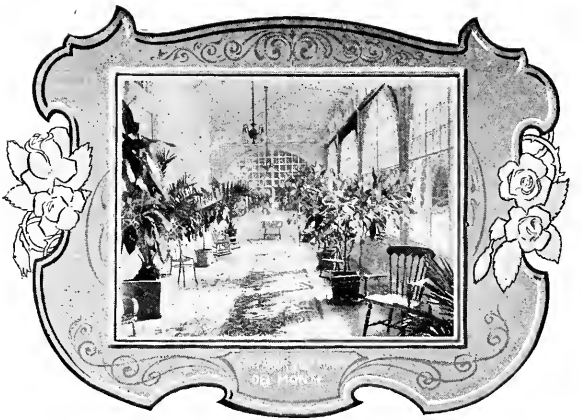


PEAKING of two things together—law and the art of drawing—reminds the Philopolis that there is a word or two due in regard to that collection of pictures left to the city of San Francisco by some one once residing in France, and who had an interest in this city. We have known painters to be sorry daubers and yet pride themselves upon their uncertain technicalities. There are bad technicians, even in the law. We were inclined to question the Art Association in this affair of laying claims to the aforesaid bequest; but it appears that the heirs requested this private club to lay its claim before the New York Court, for the reason that they feared some

mistake might occur. And now that the deed is done, and a private "institution" has been given a gift undoubtedly intended for the city, it rests with the membership of the Art Association to consign the said collection to the "Museum and Art Gallery of San Francisco" in Golden Gate Park, where itbelongs.

This is a serious question, as the decision, faulty as we believe it to be, puts in jeopardy all future gifts to the "Art Museum" in the Park. At the time of giving depositions here in regard to the possibilities of error in the words "Art Museum" in the will of the donor, the lawyer asked me if I intended, in a remark, to give a legal opinion. I answered no. And why not? Legal opinion and a judicial decision are two widely different things — as you see.





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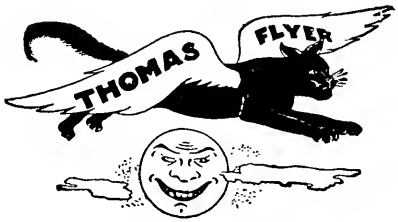
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